



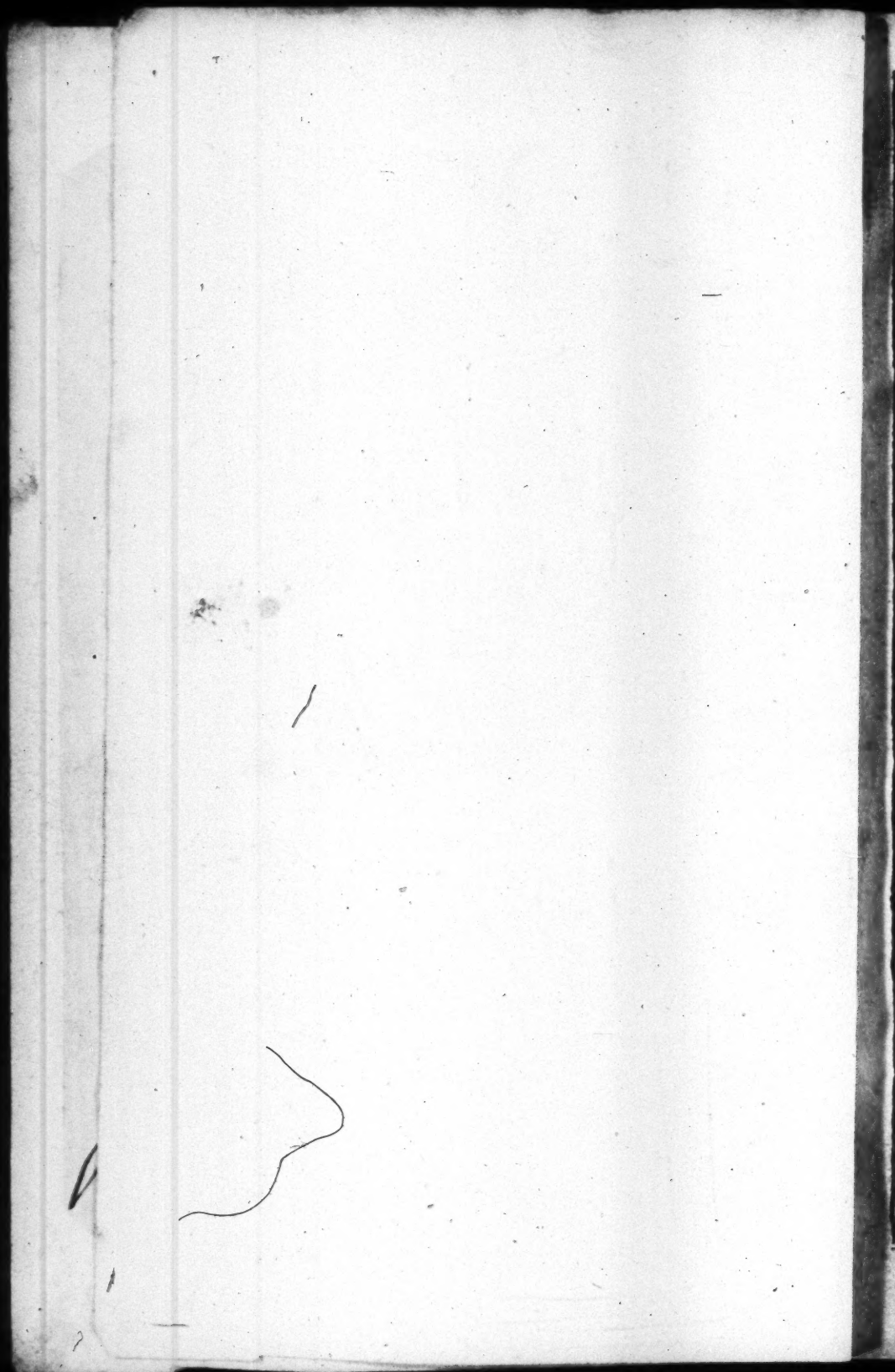
Presented by
Mr. Julia W. D.D., U.S.
A.D. 1899.



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H Y M N S

In Commemoration
Of the SUFFERINGS
OF
Our Blessed Saviour
JESUS CHRIST.
Compos'd
For the CELEBRATION of his
Holy Supper.

By **JOSEPH STENNETT.**

The Second Edition Enlarged.

*Mat. 26. 30. And when they had sung an Hymn,
they went out to the Mount of Olives.*

L O N D O N:

Printed, and sold by *J. Marshal* at the
Bible in *Grace-church-street.* 1705.



H. Y. N. S.

In Commemoration

Of the Surrender

of

Our Blessed Saviour

JE S U S C H R I S T

Composed

For the Celebration of the

Holy Supper.

By JOSEPH STEWART

Of the Temple Church, London.

Printed by J. B. G. at the Temple Church, London.

L O N D O N

Printed and sold by J. B. G. at the Temple Church, London.

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TO THE
READER.

MANY of the following Hymns were compos'd only for the Use of the Congregation under my peculiar Charge, but by means of the Copies taken by some Persons who heard them dilated in Publick they were dispers'd into many Hands.

To hinder the Propagation of those Mistakes that slide into Copies hastily written, and which are multiplied by being often transcrib'd from different Hands; and to oblige those of my Friends who desir'd perfect Copies for themselves, and who endeavour'd to perswade me they would be accepta-
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ble and useful to many other Congregations, I consented to make 'em publick.

The first Impression being gone off, and a second for some time desir'd; I thought meet to review them, that I might render them less imperfect, by correcting them in several Places, which I have done, as well as added nine Hymns not publish'd before.

Gal. 3. 1.

I have prescribed to my self, in the Composition of them all, to keep the Cross of Christ continually in View: seeing his Holy Supper is design'd evidently to set him forth before our Eyes, crucified among us. I have endeavour'd to assist the Devotion of those who communicate at his Sacred Table, by suggesting what I thought most proper to dispose 'em to Humility and Repentance, to Faith and Hope, to Admiration and Joy, to Love and Gratitude. And tho the Matter of 'em, as well as the Expression, may seem very much diversified, so that some of them are much more directly adapted to excite this or that pious Affection or Christian Vertue than others; yet they are

gene-

generally so order'd as to have an obvious regard to them all.

I have cited those Scriptures in the Margin from whence the Thoughts and frequently the very Words are taken; by which means the Reader, if he is pleas'd to turn to the Passages refer'd to, may easily explain to himself those Phrases and Allusions, which at the first Glance appear somewhat hard and obscure.

I have chosen those Measures which suite the Tunes in most Common Use among us; tho they are not very favourable to a vein of Poesy. It being impossible to express the Sense so elegantly, when 'tis cramp'd and confin'd to very short Lines, as when a larger Scope is allow'd.

I have carefully avoided those very bold Flights and those Heathenish Phrases which some have indulg'd even in Divine Poesy; for I cannot think 'em consistent with the Gravity, Purity and Perspicuity which ought to be preserv'd in Hymns calculated for the immediate Service of God,

and for the Common Edification of Christians.

And because some few Words that are less Common here and there occur, where some plainer Word as expressive of the Sense or as grateful to the Ear did not present; lest these should amuse any Reader, and render some Passages difficult to him, I have subjoin'd a Table at the End to explain those Terms, that Persons of a mean Capacity, and not conversant with other Writings besides those of the Bible or some plain Books of Devotion, might be able to sing these Hymns with Understanding.

Those who reflect on what I have already said, will make considerable Allowances for the Defects they find in the Poetry. And perhaps the Imperfection of this Essay may be an Occasion of setting some better Hand to work, to oblige the Publick with politer Compositions of this kind.

The Love of Truth, and a charitable regard to some very serious and pious Christians whose minds have been so perplext with Scruples about the

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the Lawfulness of singing in the Service of God, that they wholly omit this so very useful and agreeable part of Divine Worship, mov'd me to desire a very Worthby and Ingenious Friend to prefix to this Book of Hymns some Arguments on that Subject, with the Substance of which he had before entertain'd me, in giving me an Account how those Prejudices against singing of Psalms, &c. himself was formerly under, had been removed.

His Friendship, and the Hope I endeavour'd to make him conceive that what had convinc'd him, might (by the Blessing of God) have the same effect on some other Persons under the like Circumstances, made him willing not to refuse my request; tho he has not given me the Liberty of mentioning his Name.

To this Edition I have also prefix'd a short Essay in Verse by way of Dedication to our BLESSED SAVIOUR, to whom these Hymns of right belong, as being consecrated to the Service of his Holy Table.

*If any thing I have attempted
shall redound to the Glory of his sa-
cred Name, and to the spiritual Ad-
vantage of any part of his Church ;
as I shall account it an Honour, so
it will be an Occasion of Joy and Sa-
tisfaction to me.*

J. S.

THE

THE PREFACE,

By Another Hand.

I HAVE, at the request of the Reverend Author, prefix'd this brief Discourse to the following Hymns, in vindication of the Practice of singing the Praises of God, as a part of Christian Worship. And I the more readily comply'd, because I have my self labour'd under the Prejudices of Education to the contrary; till convinc'd of what I now esteem my Duty, by the highest Authority, viz. That of Christ and his Apostles.

I will not doubt of a becoming Reception from those Christians who have different Sentiments; I shall only intreat the Favour, not to say Justice, of any such who shall read this Preface, to think it possible for them to have been mistaken, and to be equally willing to receive the Truth, on which
soever

soever side of the Question it shall appear to be.

One that reads over the New Testament with any attention, must observe a frequent Mention of *singing Psalms, and Hymns, and spiritual Songs.*

The Evangelists * *Matthew* and *Mark* both inform us, that our blessed Saviour, together with his Disciples, *sung an Hymn* at the conclusion of the Lord's Supper, then instituted a standing Ordinance in the Church.

Acts 16.
25.

St. *Luke* in his History of the Acts of the Apostles tells us, that *Paul* and *Silas* being in Prison, and having been scourg'd on account of their Ministry, *at midnight pray'd and sung Praises to God,* so that *the Prisoners heard them.*

The Apostle *Paul* reproving the *Corinthians* for a vain Ostentation of their Gifts, particularly that of speaking in foreign Languages, tells † them, that they ought to *sing with Under-*

* *Mat.* 26. 30. and *Mark* 14. 26. And when they had sung an Hymn, &c.

† *1 Cor.* 14. 15. *I will sing with the Spirit, and I will sing with the Understanding also.*

standing ;

standing ; which could not be, whilst they were ignorant of the Language sung, tho it might be understood by the *Precentor*, or Person who dictated to the rest.

The same Apostle exhorts both the * *Ephesians* and † *Colossians* to sing *Psalms* and *Hymns*, and *Spiritual Songs*.

The Apostle || *James* also exhorts the scatter'd Christians of the twelve Tribes to whom he writes, to express their Joy on all occasions by singing *Psalms* of Praise to God.

* *Ephes.* 5. 19, 20. Speaking to your selves in *Psalms* and *Hymns*, and *Spiritual Songs* ; singing and making melody in your Hearts to the Lord, giving thanks always for all things to God and the Father, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.

† *Colos.* 3. 16, 17. Let the Word of God dwell in you richly in all Wisdom, teaching and admonishing one another in *Psalms* and *Hymns*, and *Spiritual Songs* ; singing with Grace in your Hearts to the Lord. And whatsoever ye do in Word or Deed, do all in the Name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by him.

|| *James* 5. 13. Is any among you afflicted, let him pray : Is any merry, let him sing *Psalms*.

Now

Now what is to be collected from all these Examples, Precepts, and Regulations of this Practice, but that singing the Praises of God is a part of Divine Worship in the Christian Church? And certainly any one would make this Conclusion from reading these Passages, who had never heard of any Controversy about it. It is indeed possible to raise Objections against any thing: Grammatical Criticisms may be pretended, and a forc'd Construction may be put on the plainest Words; but if the same Rules be allowed for the Interpretation of Scripture in general as must be made use of to evade the Force of the Texts I have mention'd, the plainest Precepts may be render'd doubtful, and the clearest Doctrines overthrown. However, since there are some who still remain unconvinc'd of this Duty, I shall endeavour, without stating them particularly, to obviate all their Objections, and confirm the Truth, by shewing,

1. That the Singing mention'd in the several recited Texts is Proper.
2. That it was practis'd as a part of Divine Worship.

3. That

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3. That it was perform'd by joint Voices.

1. That the Singing mention'd in the several recited Texts, must be understood in a proper, and not a metaphorical Sense. To this there can no Objection be made, but from some pretended Criticism on the Original: for every one that understands *English*, knows that to *sing* is to express Words with a tuneable Voice, according to the Rules of Music; as proper *Speaking* is to express Words according to the Rules of Grammar: both being to be perform'd by Imitation and Practice, without an Acquaintance with the Theory of either; for they are equally natural, tho both reducible to artificial Rules. *Singing* in English is taken in no other sense, nor can any bare *English* Reader doubt whether this be the meaning.

As to the Original, the Word made use of by the * Evangelists is deriv'd from a Verb whose pri-

* Mar. 26. 30. ὁμιλοῦντες.

Mark 14. 30. ὁμιλοῦντες.

Acts 16. 25. ὁμιλοῦντες.

mary Signification is *to sing an Hymn* or Song of Praise.

Sometimes indeed it is taken absolutely *to Praise*, without determining the manner. But this is a certain Rule in the Interpretation of all Writings, to take Words in their first and most proper Signification, unless some good Reason be assign'd why that Sense cannot be admitted in the Place in question. Now in the Instances under consideration no such reason can be produced, and therefore it ought to be render'd, as in our Translation, they *sung* an Hymn or Song of Praise.

In the Epistle to the * *Corinthians*, and that of † *St. James*, the Word us'd in the Original signifies properly *to sing*. It is also sometimes us'd for singing to or playing on a musical Instrument; but when apply'd to the Voice, is never taken in any other sense than that of strictly *Singing*. In the Epistle to the ‖ *Colossians* we find another Word which also signifies pro-

* 1 Cor. 14. 15. Ψαλῶ τῷ πνεύματι, Ψαλῶ ὃ καὶ τῷ νοῷ.

† James 5. 13. Εὐδουμῆτις; ψαλλέτω.

‖ Colos. 3. 16. ᾄδοντες.

perly to sing, but is sometimes us'd to express the writing a Poem or Copy of Verses; which is a Sense of the Word that I suppose no Body will contend for in this Place, and besides which no other Sense can be put on the VVord, but that of proper *Singing*.

In the Epistle to the * *Ephesians* both the Words last mention'd are made use of. So that had St. Paul ever so much design'd to speak of proper Singing, it was impossible for him by Words to have express'd himself more clearly and determinately.

All this, I think, amounts to a full proof, that our Translation is in this matter every where just, and that proper Singing is spoken of in all the Instances given. As to the particular Tunes in which the Words are to be express'd, they are left as much at liberty as the Tone or different Elevation and accenting the Voice in Speaking. Decency is the only Limitation; and as the Tone of the Voice ought not to be wanton and ludicrous, so neither should the Musical Tunes be light and airy: both ought

* Eph. 5. 19. ᾠδοντες καὶ ψάλλοντες.

in Divine Worship to be grave and solemn, becoming our Addresses to God.

2. That this Singing mention'd in the several recited Texts was perform'd and enjoin'd as a part of Divine Worship.

The Eucharistical Hymn perform'd by our Lord and his Apostles, is acknowledg'd, even by those who deny that it was sung, to have been an Act of Praise and Thanksgiving to God. For it is agreed on all sides, that Hymning is praising, whether by Song or without ; and to be sure God was the Object with whom they were then conversant.

In the Instance of *Paul* and *Silas* the Words are express, *They sung Praises unto God.*

To the *Ephesians* the Apostle thus expresses it: *Speaking to your selves in Psalms and Hymns, and spiritual Songs ; singing and making melody in your Hearts to the Lord ; giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father, in the Name of our Lord Jesus Christ.* And to the *Colossians* he says, in almost the same words: *Let the Word of God dwell in you richly in all Wisdom, teaching and admonishing one another*

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another in Psalms and Hymns, and spiritual Songs; singing with Grace in your Hearts to the Lord: and whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the Name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by him. In both which places we may observe the Action giving Thanks or Praise, the Object God thro the Mediator, and the external Mode Singing.

The Apostle James has it: *Is any Jam. 5. 13. among you afflicted, let him pray? Is any merry, let him sing Psalms?* which amounts to thus much: That as Prayer is a proper manner of expressing our Wants and Grievs to God, so is Singing a proper way of expressing our Joy and Gratitude. And indeed Musick and Poetry are both proper to express and move the Passions. They heighten and improve the Affections of Love and Joy, whilst they gently calm the uneasy Sensations of Grief and Sorrow. Thus we find the Royal Psalmist singing one while lofty Hymns of Praise, anon a mournful penitential Song, and again fervent Prayers and Supplications for needful Blessings. So that nothing which is fit to be address'd to God, can be unfit to be sung before him.

What *St. Paul* says of this matter to the *Corinthians*; *I will sing with the Spirit, and I will sing with Understanding also*; plainly appears to be spoke of the public Worship in the Church, being join'd with Prayer, which had suffer'd the same Abuse with Singing from the Vanity and Affectation of some in the Church, who had receiv'd the Gift of Tongues, and prided themselves in speaking before the People in an unknown Language: whereas they ought both to pray and to sing the Praises of God in such a Tongue, as that all present might understand, and join in the same Act of Worship with a sincere Devotion and a due Knowledg.

Now from what has been said under this Head it appears, That in all the recited places Singing is spoken of as being perform'd to God as the immediate Object: which is all that is necessary to constitute any Action religious, or a part of Divine Worship.

3. I now come to shew that singing the Praises of God was perform'd by the conjoint Voices of several Persons together. It is said of our Lord and his Disciples by both *Matthew* and *Mark*,

Mark, that *they sung* an Hymn [in the plural number] whereas *Christ's* blessing the Bread, and giving thanks when he took the Cup, are both express'd [in the singular number] as perform'd by *Christ* speaking singly, and the rest joining mentally only. And that they did so join with *Christ* in that Action, I suppose no body doubts; tho it be said, *He gave thanks and he blessed*, that is, he in the name of them all, and on their behalf as well as for himself, solemnly pronounced their joint Supplications and Thanksgivings to God. But here the Phrase is alter'd, and the Evangelists tell us, That *they sung an Hymn*; that is, with joint Voices, as well as with united Hearts. Which as it is the plain and obvious meaning of the Expression, so there can no other reason be assign'd for the variation of the Phrase.

St. Luke tells us, that the Prisoners heard *Paul* and *Silas* both performing their joint Devotions to God. I suppose no body imagines they pronounced their Prayers together. It must therefore be the Praises which they sung jointly, and that with a Voice so rais'd, as that their Fel-

low-Prisoners heard them.

There is another Passage in the History of the Acts, which I think, if duly consider'd, is to this purpose. In the 4th Chapter and 24th Verse it is said, that *they* [*i. e.* the Apostles that were then at *Jerusalem*, and the Believers that consorted with them, being assembled together] *lift up their Voice to God with one accord. and said, &c.* From the Context it appears, that the Worship then offer'd was a solemn Thanksgiving (tho concluded with a Petition) and that on a very eminent occasion, the Deliverance of *Peter* and *John* from the Rage of the *Sanhedrim*, by whom, after Examination, they were dismiss'd without Punishment, and this in accomplishment of *David's* Prophecy, *Psalms* 2. 1. Now the matter being Praise and Thanksgiving, and that express'd with united Voice as well as Heart, I see no room to doubt but that it was perform'd as an Hymn or sacred Song: unless it should be thought that they pronounc'd a bare Oration with united Voices; which is a sense I believe none ever yet contended for. We no where read of a Prayer's being pronounc'd by joint Voices, but of Praises,

Praises being sung by joint Voices I have already given Instances. And the Action here being solemn Praise offer'd up by joint Voices, tho it be not said *they sung*, yet it is more than probable that they did sing; for tho all *saying* (which is the Word us'd) be not *singing*, yet to be sure all *singing* is *saying*.

These Instances, I think, are sufficient to prove that singing by conjoin'd Voices was practis'd in the Christian Church.

The Sum of what has been said, is, that from divers Texts of Scripture, collected out of the New Testament, it does appear, that the Praises of God were sung by conjoint Voices in the Christian Church, as a part of Divine Worship; and that this Duty is on several occasions regulated, injoin'd and recommended to the several Churches to whom the Apostles wrote their Epistles. From all this it naturally follows, that it is now the Duty of all Christians to sing the Praises of God, both in their publick Assemblies, and in their more private religious Exercises.

To this Account from Scripture, I shall add one foreign Testimony to prove that it was the constant Practice of the primitive Christians, in their religious Assemblies, to sing with conjoint Voices, Hymns or Songs of praise to Christ as God. And that is of *Pliny* the younger who was Governour of all *Pontus*, and *Bithynia* in *Asia Minor*, together with the City of *Byzantium*, not as an ordinary Proconsul, but as the Emperor's immediate Lieutenant with extraordinary Power. This great Man had for some time, in obedience to his Master's Commands, exercis'd his Authority in a vigorous Prosecution of the Christians; but finding that if he proceeded to punish all that acknowledg'd themselves Christians, he must in a manner lay waste his Provinces, he thought it necessary to write a Letter to the Emperor himself about this matter: wherein after having given a particular account of his Procedure against the Christians, and of their Obstinacy in persisting to Death, and of the great Numbers that had embrac'd this new Superstition, as he calls it; he relates what upon Examination he had found to be the Sum of the Christian Practice.

Practice. * They affirm'd, says he, that the whole sum of that Offence or Error lay in this, that they were wont on a set day to meet together before Sun-rise, and to sing together a Hymn to Christ as a God, and oblige themselves by a Sacrament not to commit any Wickedness, but to abstain from Theft, Robbery, Adultery, to keep Faith, and to restore any Pledg intrusted with them; and after that they retir'd, and met again at a common Meal, in which was nothing extraordinary or criminal. This Epistle was written to Trajan then Emperor, about 71 Years after the Death of our Blessed Saviour, *Ann. Dom. 104.* and in the 7th Year of Trajan's Reign. By this unquestionable Authority we see what

* Affirmabant autem hanc fuisse summam vel Culpæ suæ, vel Erroris, quod essent soliti statò die ante Lucem convenire, carmenque Christo, quasi Deo, dicere secum invicem; seque Sacramento non in Scelus aliquod obstringere, sed ne Furta, ne Latrocinia, ne Adulteria committerent, ne fidem fallerent, ne depositum appellari abnegarent: quibus peractis morem sibi discedendi fuisse, rursusque coeundi ad capiendum Cibus promiscuum tamen & innoxium. *Plin. Ep. lib. 10. Ep. 97.*

account

account the Christians of that time gave of their own Practice, *viz.* that in their religious Assemblies they sung Songs or Hymns to *Jesus Christ* as God.

Concerning the following Compo-
sures I shall only say, that the Subjects
are well chosen, and admirably a-
dapted to the Occasion, proper to ex-
cite becoming Affections at that great
feast of Love, the Lord's Supper, in-
stituted in commemoration of that
perfect Sacrifice by which alone we
are deliver'd from everlasting Destruc-
tion, and entitul'd to eternal Blessed-
ness. The Poetry is chaste and polite,
the Expression clear and just, in every
respect becoming the noble Theme:
As such I recommend it both to the
Publick and Private Use of those de-
vout Christians, whose Breasts are
warm'd by a Heav'nly Fire, and whose
Souls are transported with a lively
Sense of Divine Love.

A H Y M N,

Written by the same Hand, upon his
being convinc'd that *Singing* is a
part of Divine Worship.

E T E R N A L intellectual Light,
With pure Illapse my Mind inspire ;
And whilst I sing Thee great and bright,
Inflame my Breast with Heav'nly Fire.

Tho long mistaken, I withheld
Harmonious Song divine, thy Due ;
Yet better Knowledg now instill'd,
Thy tuneful Praise my Voice shall shew.

Substantial Glory, from thy Throne
Around diffus'd, illumines Heaven ;
With Life and Love fills ev'ry one,
To whom those happy Seats are giv'n.

Nor there confin'd, thy Beams divine
Irradiate all thy Church below :
Thy chosen with thy Brightness shine,
And by their Love, thy Grace they shew.

To every Heart, by secret Ways
Convey'd, Myſterious Influence !
The bright Effuſion of thy Rays
Gives Knowledg, Truth and Innocence.

When in deep Trouble, and oppreſt,
Thy conſolating Light ſuſtains
Thy drooping Saints ; tho ſore diſtreſt,
Calm Peace and Joy ſucceed their Pains.

So the returning Summer's Sun
Does with freſh Vigor bright appear ;
The Clouds diſpell'd, the Winter gon,
Glad Plenty crowns the ſmiling Year.

T H E

THE DEDICATION.

O THOU to whom Angels their
 Hymns address !
 To whom all Knees must bow, all
 Tongues confess ;
 Sacred to THEE, this Sacrifice of Praise
 A willing Hand upon thy Altar lays,
 Encourag'd by that Goodness which approves
 A poor man's Gift, tho but two Turtle-Doves.
 May I have one accepting Smile from Thee,
 'Tis more than all the World's Applause to me.
 Happy !

Happy ! if I a contrite Spirit bring,
And feel my Breast warm'd with the Love I
sing ;

Happy ! if these my Songs successful prove
To make one Sinner look on Thee, and love ;
To make one Prodigal confess thy Charms,
And fly for Pardon to thy dying Arms ;
To fan their pious Flame who Thee adore,
And make the Souls that love Thee, love Thee
more ;

Make 'em their Praises and their Vows renew,
And give their All to Thee, to whom all Hearts
are due.

(Way,
LORD, what a Train of Woes attend thy
From dark *Gethsemane* to *Golgotha* !
What gloomy Terrors did conspire to roll
Through all th' Apartments of thy inmost Soul !
What Troubles in thy lab'ring Bosom met,
And flow'd in Tears, flow'd in a bloody Sweat !
What Clouds with Thunder charg'd, black
Horror spread,
And broke in Storms of Vengeance on thy Head !

This

I
This dismal Night a darker Morn portends ;
Seiz'd by thy Foes, abandon'd by thy Friends :
By one of them abjur'd, by one betray'd,
And with a treacherous Kiss a Captive made :
From one Tribunal to another led,
New Pretexts sought thy sacred Blood to
shed.

Charg'd with those Crimes thy righteous
Soul abhorr'd,

And there condemn'd where Thou should'st
be ador'd.

Humble and meek the passive Victims stands,
By vilest Tongues blasphem'd, and struck by
rudest Hands.

A Prince to Universal Empire born,

Scepters his Hand, and Crowns his Head
had worn,

Now holds a Reed, and wears a Wreath of
Thorn.

The savage Croud the King of Glory jeers,
With loud Reproaches wound his patient
Ears,

And mix their foaming Spittle with his
Tears.

And

And now with slow and feeble Pace I try,
To trace thy Footsteps up mount *Calvary*;
There see those Hands, that made and scatter'd Bread,
And Thousands with the growing Banquet fed,
Those Hands that heal'd the Sick, and rais'd
the Dead ;

That oft returning Sinners did embrace,
And for them oft implor'd forgiving Grace,
With pious Ardor lifted up to Heaven,
Now pierc'd with Nails amidst their Sinews
driven :

Thy sacred Feet the same rude Treatment know,
And both in purple Streams their Torment show.
I see that Face which Angels bow'd before,
Clouded with Sorrow, bath'd in Sweat and Gore :
Those Eyes that, mov'd with pity, did condole
The various Woes of every humane Soul,
And stain'd their Lustre with their pious Streams,
In shades of Death now quench their setting
Beams.

With cruel Men the Powers of Hell below
The last Efforts of active Malice show,
And at thy Breast their fiery Arrows throw.

Thy

Thy Father, who before the World decreed
His only Son for Humane kind shou'd bleed,
His Hand with Thunder arms, his Brow with dread
To strike Thee to the Regions of the Dead:
My God, My God, aloud the Saviour cries,
Why hast forsaken me? then bows his Head and
dies.

His Passion Universal Nature moves,
Except ungrateful Sinners whom he loves;
The trembling Earth her Maker's Sufferings feels,
Her Pillars shake, her low Foundation reels;
The Rocks are torn by his expiring Groans;
The rending Vail his sacred Priest-hood owns:
The Sun asham'd withdraws his sickly Light,
And turns bright Noon into substantial Night,
Afraid to view those gashly Wounds agen.
Nothing relentless but the Hearts of Men!

Dear LORD, I in thy Cross such Wonders see,
Nothing besides has any Charms for me;

And now with slow and feeble Pace I try,
To trace thy Footsteeps up mount *Calvary*;
There see those Hands, that made and scatter'd Bread,
And Thousands with the growing Banquet fed,
Those Hands that heal'd the Sick, and rais'd the Dead ;
That oft returning Sinners did embrace,
And for them oft implor'd forgiving Grace,
With pious Ardor lifted up to Heaven,
Now pierc'd with Nails amidst their Sinews
driven :
Thy sacred Feet the same rude Treatment know,
And both in purple Streams their Torment show.
I see that Face which Angels bow'd before,
Clouded with Sorrow, bath'd in Sweat and Gore :
Those Eyes that, mov'd with pity, did condole
The various Woes of every humane Soul,
And stain'd their Lustre with their pious Streams,
In shades of Death now quench their setting
Beams.

With cruel Men the Powers of Hell below
The last Efforts of active Malice show,
And at thy Breast their fiery Arrows throw.
Thy

Thy Father, who before the World decreed
His only Son for Humane kind shou'd bleed,
His Hand with Thunder arms, his Brow with dread
To strike Thee to the Regions of the Dead:
My God, My God, aloud the Saviour cries,
Why hast forsaken me? then bows his Head and
dies.

His Passion Universal Nature moves,
Except ungrateful Sinners whom he loves;
The trembling Earth her Maker's Sufferings feels;
Her Pillars shake, her low Foundation reels;
The Rocks are torn by his expiring Groans;
The rending Vail his sacred Priest-hood owns:
The Sun asham'd withdraws his sickly Light,
And turns bright Noon into substantial Night,
Afraid to view those gashly Wounds agen.
Nothing relentless but the Hearts of Men!

Dear LORD, I in thy Cross such Wonders see,
Nothing besides has any Charms for me;

Beneath thy Cross O may I still reside;
View and review thy Feet, thy Hands, thy Head,
thy Side!

O how thy Sighs do from my Heart rebound!
And all thy dying Pangs my Bosom wound!

Nor is it Pity only makes me weep;
No single Passion strikes the Heart so deep:
Hatred of Sin, and Love of Thee combine,
With holy Rage repeating Sorrows join
To make thy Torments intimately mine.

Since 'twas my Sin for which my Saviour dy'd,
'Tis just I should with him be crucify'd:

My Sins procur'd the Cross, the Whip, the Steel,
Made thee unutterable Tortures feel:

My Sins! O that they never had been mine!

I hate them as my Enemies and thine:

My Sins! O how their Horror makes me start,
While I behold their Stains, and feel their Smart,
And see 'em pierce thy Limbs, and break thy
Heart!

But since the Balm, that from thy Wounds did
slide,
Could heal a Sinner dying at thy Side;

Thy

Thy Smiles could calm frail *Peter's* guilty Fears,
And thy Blood cleanse the Stain that he had
soak'd in Tears :

Since thou hast born th' unsufferable Weight
Of a World's Sins, both Numberless and Great ;
LORD, hear a Penitent that prostrate lies,
And at thy Feet for pard'ning Mercy cries ;
To be reveng'd on Sin implores thy Aid,
Bathing with Tears thy Wounds, the Wounds his
Sins have made.

O let thy Hands that bled, their Balm apply !
Tho Sin cries loud, thy Blood does louder cry ;
Thy Smiles will make me live, thy Frowns
will make me die.

But if I die, I'll perish at thy Feet,
And waiting at thy Cross my Sentence meet.
Sure he, who dy'd for Sinners, won't despise
A Sinner's broken Heart and flowing Eyes.
O LORD, resolve my Doubts, dispel my Fears,
Suppress my Sighs, and wipe away my Tears ;
Or while thy Charms my wondring Thoughts
employ,
Turns Floods of Sorrow into Tears of Joy.

Tis done—Thy Groans and Cries thy Love
resound,

Writ with thy Blood, ingrav'd in ev'ry Wound :
The Torture of thy Cross my Pain allays,
Changing my mournful Sighs to Hymns of Praise.

O JESUS ! how Divinely fair Thou art !
Thy Charms have reach'd the Center of my Heart ;
Thy Graces all excite refin'd Desire ;
How pure the Flame fed by Celestial Fire !
Strong are the Bands that Hearts in Friendship join
But stronger Ties have link'd my Soul to Thine.
Had I ten thousand Hearts, those Hearts should be
A voluntary Sacrifice to Thee ;
To Thee, whose every Scar so fully proves
Thy Flame exceeds ten thousand other Loves.
O'come with Love and Wonder, I resign
My Captive Heart, which now no more is mine :
I yield my Soul to thy Victorious Arms :
Flying for Grace to thy inviting Arms :
Life will be Death, if I'm exil'd from Thee ;
Death will be Life, if I thy Face may see.

Thy

Love
ound:
Praise.
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Heart;
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s;
Thy

Thy Loveliness is equal to thy Love,
And far- out-shines Angelick Forms above.
LORD, if thy Cross could ne're thy Beauties hide,
How dost Thou shine at thy Great Father's Side!
Where the Ambitious Flames of Glory now
With emulous Beams salute thy lightning Brow,
Pointing, as in bright Crouds they dart around,
Where each rude Thorn thy Sacred Head did
wound.

While others Thee and their own Souls abuse,
Debase their Love, and prostitute their Muse;
O thou to whom all Love and Praise belongs!
To Thee I give my Heart, to Thee my Songs.
Waters will rise as high as whence they flow;
So Minds, that came from Heaven, to Heaven
should go;
With holy Fervor to their Author move,
Who gave 'em Pow'r to think and Pow'r to love.

Eternal Beauty! I thy Rays admire,
Kindling my Flame at that immortal Fire.
Where

Where shining *Seraphs* light and cherish theirs;
Thou shalt my Praises have, and thou my Prayers.

May all harmonious Souls their Numbers join,
And each a pious Offering add to mine;
Make Earth below resemble Heav'n above,
Sing Holy Songs, and sing of Holy Love.
'Tis Love does with eternal Joys inspire
All the bright Orders of the Heav'nly Choir:
Seraphick Psalmists to this Noble Theme
Owe their sweet Musick and Poetick Flame.
O may the listning Saints on Earth aspire
To reach the Sound, and catch the holy Fire!
And in their turn with pure Devotion sing
The Praises of their Saviour and their King,
Till Eccho thro Heav'n's Arches loud repeats
The Sound, inviting Angels from their Seats
To hear the Musick of the Church below,
While this from t'other Heav'n they scarcely know
Nor an Eclipse of Light and Pleasure fear,
Where they so much of *Grace*, so much of
Glory hear.

J. S.

A

T A B L E

To find any H Y M N if one
knows its Beginning.

	Hymn
A NGELS and Men your Songs renew, ———	24
Behold the King of Glory sits ———	4
Behold the Saviour of the World ———	43
Come let us all, who here have seen ———	34
Come let us go and die with him, ———	35
Come let us bless the Glorious Name ———	42
Descend, O King of Saints, descend ———	6
Eternal Father, how Divine ———	29
From Supper to Gethsemane ———	21
Glory to God on High, ———	20
Gracious Redeemer, how Divine, ———	12
Happy are they our Lord has chose ———	35
Hast thou, my Soul, thy Saviour view'd ———	26
How many Miracles of Love, ———	15
How sweet, how charming is the Place ———	16
How Glorious is this Holy Place ———	45
Jehovah, we in Hymns of Praise ———	1
Immortal Praise be given, ———	11
In Grateful Hymns, ye Saints, display ———	10
Let all who love our Saviour's Name, ———	32
Let all who enter Sion's Gate, ———	40

Lord,

<i>Lord, all the Works thy Hand has form'd,</i>	25.
<i>Lord, thou hast treated us</i>	31.
<i>Lord, we approach thy Throne,</i>	27.
<i>My Blessed Saviour, is thy Love</i>	22.
<i>My Soul, let all thy nobler Powers</i>	8.
<i>O Lord, how shall we frame a Song</i>	18.
<i>O Lord, thou dost a broken Heart</i>	28.
<i>Others may tell of famous things</i>	37.
<i>Our Lord a Banquet has prepar'd,</i>	23.
<i>Sing Hallelujah to our King,</i>	19.
<i>That doleful Night when our dear Lord</i>	3.
<i>The God of Grace to humane Race</i>	13.
<i>The Sun of Righteousness has shin'd,</i>	41.
<i>Thou art all Love, my dearest Lord,</i>	2.
<i>To us our God his Love commends</i>	5.
<i>What mighty Conqueror do we see,</i>	36.
<i>What wondrous things we now behold</i>	33.
<i>When Christ, at Simon's Table plac'd,</i>	38.
<i>When Sin had brought Death with a Train</i>	14.
<i>Wherewith shall I a sinful Worm</i>	17.
<i>While thy Love's Pledges we receive</i>	44.
<i>With humble Boldness, trembling Joy,</i>	9.
<i>Ye happy Guests, who meet around</i>	46.
<i>You that the Holy Jesus love</i>	30.
<i>You who our Lord's great Banquet share,</i>	7.



ERRATA.

Hymn 18. line 2. for *Frame* read *Fame*. Hymn 38.
l. 4. for *rather* r. *thither*.

H Y M N S

FOR THE Lord's Supper.

H Y M N I.

JEHOVAH, we in Hymns of Praise
Thy matchless Grace adore,
That Grace that gave thy only Son, *Rom. 8. 32.*
What couldst thou give us more?

He's *All in All*, his Saints in Him
Divine Perfection view,
And of his Fulness they receive
All Grace, and Glory too. *Col. 3. 11.*
Eph. 1. 22.
John 1. 16.
Pf. 84. 10

He freely gave his Blood, the Price
Of our Eternal Bliss:
Since no less could atone for Sin,
His Love would give no less. *1 Pet. 1.*
18, 19.
Heb. 9. 22,
23.

He in the Wine-press of thy Wrath
Was most severely crush'd;
Humbled himself to die; and laid
His Honour in the Dust. *Lam. 1. 15.*
Phil. 2. 8.

That we might at his *Table* sit,
and be replenish'd there

1 Cor. 11. With these *Dear Pledges* of his *Grace*,
26. Till we his *Glory* share.

H Y M N II.

1 John 4.
8, 26.

Cant. 5.16.

Psal. 27.4.

THOU art *All Love*, my dearest LORD,
Thou art *All Lovely* too :
Thy Love I at thy *Table* taste,
Thy Loveliness I view.

Isa. 43.2,3. Thy Divine Beauty, vail'd with *Flesh*,
Thy Enemies despise ;
Thy mangled Body they disdain,
And turn from Thee their Eyes.

Cant. 5. 9, But thou *more* Lovely art to me
&c. For all that thou hast born :

John 13. Each Cloud sets off thy Lustre more,
31, 32. Thee all thy Scars adorn.

Isa. 63.1,2. Thy Garments tinctur'd with thy Blood,
The best and noblest Dye,

Psal. 45.2. Out-shine the Robes that Princes wear ;
Thy Thorns their Gems out-vie.

Pf. 73. 25. That I may be *All Love* to Thee,

Cant. 1. And *Lovely* like thee too,

15, 16. O cleanse me with thy precious Blood,

Zech. 13.1. And me thy Beauty shew.

2Cor. 3.18.

Hymn 3. *Lord's Supper.*

3

My former Vows I now renew :
O LORD, as Thou art Mine ;
Behold I give my Heart to Thee,
For ever I'll be Thine.

Psal. 119.
106.
Cant. 2. 16.

H Y M N III.

[*As the 100 Psalm.*]

That doleful Night, when our dear LORD
Into the Garden did retreat,
To vent his Grief in Groans, and Cries,
In Tears, and in a bloody Sweat ;

John 18. 1.
Luk. 22. 44

That ne're to be forgotten Night,
When our Redeemer was betray'd ;
Before his Sufferings he took Bread,
Gave thanks to God, broke it, and said,

1 Cor. 11.
23, 24, 25.

Take, eat, this is my Body broke
For you upon the Cursed Tree :
Perform this Ordinance as I do,
And when you do't, remember Me.

Mat. 26.
26, 27, 28.

He took the Cup too, crown'd with Wine,
Bless'd it, and to's Disciples said,
'Tis the New Test'ment in my Blood,
For you, and many others shed:

All you, my Friends, must drink of this,
Your Sin's Remission here you see ;
Perform this Ord'nance as I do,
And when you do't, remember Me.

B 2

Yes;

- Cant.* 1. 4. Yes, LORD, we will remember Thee,
And thy Love more than fragrant Wine:
Rev. 5. 9, How can we e're thy Cross forget,
10. Which made Thee ours, and made us Thine?
- Psal.* 137. Our right Hand first shall lose its Art,
5, 6. Our Tongues forget to speak or move,
E're we'll prove thoughtless of thy Wounds,
Those Everlasting Marks of Love.
- I Cor.* 11. We'll thus commemorate thy Death,
26. Till thou appear on Earth again:
And, LORD, do thou remember us,
Rev. 11. Make haste to take thy Power, and reign.
17.

H Y M N IV.

- Psal.* 24. 7. **B**Ehold the King of Glory sits
Cant. 1. 12. At Table with his Guests:
Welcomes them all with gracious Smiles,
Them all with Dainties feasts.

- No common Food he here presents,
No common Drink provides:
John 6. For Meat he gives his Flesh; for Wine
50—58. The Spear his Heart divides.
Job. 19. 34

- I Cor.* 11. LORD, give us Faith to raise our Thoughts
28, 29. Beyond the views of Sense:
Teach us thy Myst'ries to discern,
And draw new Joys from thence.

Let's

Hymn 5.

Lord's Supper.

5

Let's know thy wounded Body fell
An Offering for our Guilt;
Let's know, to wash us from our Sins
Thy Heart's pure Blood was split.

Isa. 53.5,6

So shall our Minds and Voices join
In sacred Harmony,
To celebrate thy Grace, and sing
Hallelujah to Thee.

*1 Cor. 14.
15.*

H Y M N V.

TO us our God his Love commends,
When by our Sins undone;
That he might spare his Enemies,
He wou'd not spare his Son,

Rom. 5. 8.

Rom. 8.32.

His only Son, on whom he plac'd
All his Delight and Love,
Before he form'd the Earth below,
Or spread the Heavens above :

*Prov. 8.
22 — 30.*

He charg'd the Darling of his Soul
To veil his Glorious Face,
To wear our mortal Flesh, and feel
The Pains of Humane Race ;

*John 3.
16, 17.*

Our Sorrows and our Sins to bear,
Our heavy Cross sustain ;
Upon a Tree to bleed and die,
That we might Life obtain.

*Gal. 3. 13,
14.*

Col. 3. 3, 4. This Life is hid in God with Him
Who fell a Sacrifice,

Heb. 21. 4. And Dying conquer'd Death for us,

Phil. 3. 21. That we like Him might rise :

Acts 2. 24. For he soon triumph'd o're the Grave,

Acts 1. 9. And went to Heaven again ;

ver. 11. There intercedes, and thence will come

Rev. 20. 4. Among his Saints to reign.

Heb. 10. 37 His Word assures he'll quickly come,

Rom. 8. Saints for his Coming pray,

19—22. The whole Creation for it groans,

Rev. 22. LORD Jesus, come away.

30.

H Y M N VI.

[As the 100 Psalm.]

Job. 14. 18. **D**escend, O King of Saints, descend :

Pf. 51. 12. By thy free Spirit's vital Heat

Fresh Joys to every Soul extend,

That at thy Table finds a Seat.

O Prince of Peace, blest thou this Board
With those sweet Smiles which Angels cheer ;

O give us Peace ; and tell us, LORD,

We're pardon'd, and accepted here.

47, 48.

As thou our hungry Souls hast fed,

Mat. 5. 6. Our thirsty Souls sustain'd with Wine ;

John 6. Nourish us with this heav'nly Bread,

55, 56. And with this Sacred Blood of thine.

Teach

Hymn 7.

Lord's Supper.

7

Teach us to wash our Garments clean *Rev. 7. 14.*
In the pure Fountain of thy Blood; *Zech. 13. 1.*
LORD, purge our Souls from every Stain
I'th' Streams of that All-cleansing Flood.

Each Sin of ours has been a Thorn, *Isa. 53. 4,*
A cruel Nail, a Whip, a Spear; *S. 6.*
By these thy sacred Flesh was torn,
These did thy Soul with Horror tear.

Yet every Wound of thine does yield *Luk. 10. 34*
A Balsam for a contrite Heart,
Which, on the painful Sore distill'd,
Heals and allays the tort'ring Smart.

Amazing Love! 'Tis Infinite! *Eph. 3. 18,*
No Thoughts its endless Depth can sound; *19.*
It Heaven's high Arch exceeds for Heighr, *Pf. 108. 4.*
And for Extent, the World's vast Round.

LORD, to advance thy Praises here, *Pf. 51. 15.*
Increase our Light, enlarge our Love;
And by thy Grace our Souls prepare *Rev. 5. 9.*
For better Songs and Tunes above.

H Y M N VII.

(share,
YOU who our LORD's great Banquet
And welcome Places find *Mat. 26,*
His Table round, his Praises sound *30.*
With well-wun'd Voice and Mind.

- Remember all his Acts of Love,
 His Torments every one :
Heb. 1. 6. Whom Angels fear'd, him Mortals jeer'd,
Mat. 27. Blasphem'd and spat upon.
 30.
Ver. 29. See's Head all torn with Thorns, his Face
Cant. 5. 10, (Divinely bright before)
 16. Now mar'd more than the Sons of Men ;
Isa. 52. 14. Reaking with Sweat and Gore.
- Pf. 22. 16.* See in his Hands and Feet the Nails
 Piercing the tender Veins:
 See how each Wound the blushing Ground
 With precious Tincture stains.
- Joh. 19. 34* See his Side spout a Stream of Blood
 And Water through the Wound ;
John 1. 7. A Stream wherein we're wash'd from Sin,
 And all our Guilt is drown'd.
- But, Oh ! what Terrors wrack'd his Soul
 In that last Agony,
Mat. 27. When (e're he dy'd) *My God,* he cry'd,
 46. *Why hast forsaken me !*
- John 10.* Thus groan'd and dy'd the Son of God,
 10, 11. That we might ever live
1 Cor. 2. 9. There, where all Bliss our Souls can wish,
 Or can contain, He'll give.
- 1 Cor. 11.* Mean while the Myst'ries of his Grace
 26. His Table here displays ;
 O how his Love our Souls should move,
 And Tongues to sing his Praise!

H Y M N VIII.

MY Soul, let all thy nobler Powers, *Pf. 104. 1.*
 And Faculties combine :
 Awake my Tongue, and to my Thoughts *Pf. 57. 8.*
 Thy tuneful Numbers join.

All that's within me, bless and praise
 My Saviour and my King :
 When he's the Subject of the Song,
 Who can forbear to sing? *Psal. 103.
 1, 2.
 Rev. 15.
 3, 4*

Holy and Reverend is his Name;
 How glorious, and how sweet!
 All Greatness, and all Goodness too
 I' th' Name of J E S U S meet. *Pf. 111. 9.*

A Name vile Men shall one day dread,
 As now the Devils fear:
 A Name the Heavenly Hosts adore,
 To pardon'd Sinners dear; *Rev. 6. 15,
 16, 17.
 Jam. 2. 19.
 Mat. 8. 29.
 Rev. 5. 11,
 12.*

Most dear to them by strongest Ties
 Of his Redeeming Love,
 Which by a thousand Torments try'd,
 Did ever constant prove. *Cant. 1. 3.*

Tho Death and Hell unite their Powers
 To oppose his Enterprize;
 This spotless Lamb resolves to fall
 A willing Sacrifice. *Joh. 10. 11*

Heb. 2. 14. So conquering Sin, and Death, and Hell,
In Glory did arise,
Acts 1. 9. And in bright Triumph soon ascend
His Throne above the Skies.

Jude 14. Thence in due time he will return,
1 Thess. 4. With a Celestial Train
17, 17. Of Saints and Angels, and among
Those shining Troops shall reign.

H Y M N IX.

Heb. 10. 19
Psal. 2. 11. **W**ith humble Boldness, trembling Joy,
Heb. 12. 28 And with a Child-like Fear,
LORD, we thy Majesty address,
Ver. 22. And to thy Seat draw near.

Gen. 18. 25. For Thou, Great Judg of all the Earth,
Heb. 4. 16. Now on a Throne of Grace,
Psal. 80. 1. Between the wondring Cherubs Wings
Reveal'st thy glorious Face.

Rom. 8. 34. At thy right Hand behold thy Son,
who kindly intercedes :
Heb. 12. 24 His Blood cries louder than our Sins,
And for our Pardon pleads.

Isa. 53. 5. Ah cruel Sins, how odious now,
And how deform'd are they,
Dan. 9. 26. While in that Crimson Fountain we
Their monstrous Hew survey!

9. Hymn 10. *Lord's Supper.*

11

ell,

These with black Horror fill'd his Mind, *Mat. 26.*
 Inrag'd his Wounds with Pain : *38.*
 With Grief these rent his labouring Breast, *Pf. 22. 14.*
 And all his Blood did drain.

Tho these our Crimes all testify *Fer. 14. 7.*
 Our crying Guilt aloud ; *Gen. 18. 21.*
 LORD, vail no more thy shining Face *Lam. 3. 44.*
 Within an angry Cloud.

Let thy Love's Rays attract from us *Luke 7.*
 A Penitential Dew ; *31, 47.*
 And while our Vileness we lament,
 Thy pard'ning Mercy shew :

Then tho our Sins have numerous been *Pf. 40. 12.*
 Like Sands upon the shore ;
 Peace like a River floats our Souls, *Isa. 48. 18.*
 And Sins are seen no more.

H Y M N X.

[As the 100 Psalm.]

IN grateful Hymns, ye Saints, display *Eph. 3. 18,*
 JEHOVAH's Grace and boundless Love ; *19.*
 A Love, whose Flame inspires the Songs *Rev. 5. 9.*
 Of all the Heav'nly Host above.

Tho we on Earth can't sing like them, *Pfal. 103.*
 Let's praise Him in a lower strain : *20, 21, 22.*
 A fervent Mind, that breathes his Praise *1 Sam. 16.*
 With stammering Lips, He'll not disdain. *7.*

E'er-

Isa. 53. 10. Eternal Father, we adore
Thy Love, that mov'd Thee to expose
The sacred Body of thy Son
To bear the Wounds due to thy Foes.

1 Cor. 15. 56. And Thee, dear Saviour, we adore,
Who didst endure th' invenom'd Sting

Gal. 3. 13. Of Death, and every dreadful Curse
Justice provok'd by Sin could bring.

While we behold Thee on thy Cross,
In every Wound thy Love appears,

Pf. 63. 3. Dearer than Life, more strong than Death,
Cant. 8. 6. Flowing in Streams of Blood and Tears.

Zeck. 13. 1. To bathe our Souls defil'd by Sin,
LORD, we approach this Sacred Flood;
Luk. 10. 34 To heal our broken Hearts, we seek
The Sovereign Balsam of thy Blood.

Isa. 55. 1. 'Tis from this Living Stream our Souls,
Our dying Souls new Life derive;

Pfal. 23. 5. This is the Sacred Oil of Joy,
That can desponding Minds revive.

Pfal. 24. 7. O King of Glory, on us shine,
Who thy own Table now surround,

Isa. 59. 2. Let not our Sins eclipse thy Face,
Joh 33. 24. Since thou hast such a Ransom found.

H Y M N XI.

[As the 25 Psalm.]

Immortal Praise be given,
And Glory in the high'st,
To th' God of Peace, who sent from Heaven
His own beloved Christ ;

Luke 2. 14.

Psal. 2. 2.

Him a Sin-Offering made
For Adam's Guilty Sons ;
Our pressing Crimes upon him laid,
For which his Blood atones.

Isa. 53. 10.

Ver. 6.

Heb. 9. 14.

Such Torments He endur'd
As none 'ere felt before,
That Joy and Bliss might be secur'd
To us for evermore.

Psal. 22. 1,

6, 14, 15—.

Isa. 53. 3, 4

Luke 23.

7, 11. &

22. 63, 64.

Luk. 23. 11

Mat. 27.

26.

Hurry'd from Bar to Bar,
With Blows and Scoffs abus'd ;
Revil'd by Herod's Men of War,
With Pilate's Scourges bruise'd.

Mat. 27.

29, 30.

His sweet and Reverend Face
With Spittle all profan'd ;
That Visage, full of Heavenly Grace,
With his own Blood distain'd.

Mat. 27.

46, 50.

Stretch'd on the cruel Tree,
He bled, and groan'd, and cry'd ;
And in a mortal Agony
Languish'd awhile, and dy'd.

But

- Heb.* 2. 14. But dying left a Wound,
Gen. 3. 15. On the Old Serpent's Head,
 For which no Cure can e're be found;
Mat. 28. And soon rose from the Dead;
 1, 6.
Acts 1. 9, Then did to Heaven ascend,
 10. That we might thither go,
Joh. 14. 2. Where Love and Praises have no end,
1 Cor. 13. 8. Where Joys no Changes know.
Rev. 21. 4.

H Y M N XII.

- G** RACIOUS Redeemer, how Divine,
 How wondrous is thy Love!
Rev. 5. The Subject of th' Eternal Songs
 9—14. Of Blessed Spirits above.
- Join in the sacred Harmony,
Isa. 7. 14. Ye Saints on Earth below,
Mat. 1. 23. To praise *Immanuel*, from whose Name
Cant. 1. 3. All fragrant Odors flow.
- Phil.* 2. 6, 7. He left his Crown, he left his Throne
 By his Great Father's side;
 Wore Thorns, sustain'd a heavy Cross,
 Was scourg'd and crucify'd.
- Gal.* 3. 13, His was the Torment, his the Curse;
 14. Tho all the Guilt was ours :
Lev. 14. To cleanse us, on our Leprous Souls
 His Vital Blood he pours.

Behold how every Wound of his
 A precious Balm distils,
 Which heals the Scars that Sin had made,
 With Joy the Sinner fills.

Luke 10.
 34.

(Grace ; *Joh. 12.32*
 Those Wounds are Mouths that preach his *Gal. 3. 1.*
 The Characters of Love ; *Rom. 8.32.*
 The Seals of our expected Bliss
 In Paradise above.

We see thee at thy Table, *LORD*,
 By Faith, with great delight :
 O how refin'd those Joys will be
 When Faith is turn'd to Sight!

2 Cor. 5.7.

H Y M N XIII.

THE God of Grace to Humane Race
 Does Terms of Peace propose ;
 He gives his Son, his only One,
 A Ransom for his Foes.

Rom. 5. 8.

Rom. 5.10.

Christ to fulfil his Father's Will,
 Himself as freely gave,
 An Offering whole, Body and Soul,
 A guilty World to save.

John 10.

11, 15.

1 Per. 2.

24.

Isa. 33.10.

The Spirit Divine, for this Design,
 Lights on him like a Dove :
 The Sacred Three in One agree,
 In this great Act of Love.

Mat. 3.16.

1 John 5.

7.

Justice

Pf. 85. 10. Justice and Grace like Friends embrace,
 With equal Splendor shine;
 No Gift could be so rich, so free,
 So Glorious, so Divine.

Blest Saviour, why should we deny
 To thee, at thy Desire,

Rom. 12. 1, 2. An Offering whole, Body and Soul,
 As Reason does require?

Since thou for us hast born a Cross,
 Tho free from every Crime;
1 John 4. 19. How great should be our Love to Thee,
Rev. 5. 12. Our Praises how sublime!

H Y M N XIV.

[As the 100 Psalm.] (Train
Rom. 6. 23. **W**hen Sin had brought Death, with a
Rom. 3. 19: Of Miseries on the guilty World;
 And wretched Man was doom'd to be
2 Pet. 2. 17. Into Eternal Darkness hurl'd,

Mar. 9. 44, Where the tormenting Worm, that gnaws
 46, 48. The festering Conscience ne're expires;
Rev. 20. Where tort'ring Brimstone always feeds
 10, 15. The ne're to be extinguish'd Fires:

Gen. 3. 24. When Justice wav'd the flaming Sword
1 Tim. 2. 5. Of Vengeance o're the Sinner's Head;
 The Son of God step'd in, and stay'd
 The Mortal Stroke, and thus he said:

Tho

4. Hymn 14. Lord's Supper, 17

Tho all the Offerings Men can bring
Can't for one single Crime atone;
O God, I come to do thy Will,
I'll bear their numerous Sins alone.

Psal. 40. 6.
Ver. 7.
Heb. 10.
4—10.

A Mortal Nature I'll assume,
Humane Infirmities I'll wear;
Hunger, and Thirst, and Weariness,
Sorrows and Pains I'll freely bear.

Heb. 2. 16.
Mat. 4. 2.
Joh. 4. 6, 7.
Heb. 4. 15.

Reproaches, tho they'll break my Heart,
I am resolv'd to undergo:
I'll suffer all that's on me laid
By God above, or Men below.

Psf. 69. 20.
Isa. 53. 10.
Psal. 22.
12—18.

Tho all th' Infernal Powers conspire
My Great Design to overthrow;
Through Showers of fiery Darts from Hell,
And through Death's horrid Vale I'll go.

Mat. 4. 1.
Luk. 22. 53
Eph. 6. 16.
Psal. 23. 4.

Thus said, the Father soon reply'd,
Content: I have a Ransom found;
Dear Son, to save a ruin'd World,
Ev'n Thee I with Delight shall wound.

Joh 33. 24.
Isa. 53. 10.

Go execute thy brave Resolves,
Thy Sufferings shall rewarded be;
Many Thou shalt redeem, the rest
Shall all at last be judg'd by Thee.

Ver. 11, 12.
AB. 17. 31.

How precious are these Thoughts of thine,
How glorious, LORD, these Acts of Love! 17, 18.
For these we sing thy Praise below,
For these Thou'rt better prais'd above.

Rev. 5. 11.

C

H Y M N

12.

Tho

HYMN XV.

HOW many Miracles of Love,
Col. 1. 26, What Mysteries of Grace
 27. Has th' Ever-blessed Jesus shown
 To Adam's sinful Race!

That he should humbly condescend
Rom. 8. 3. Our mortal Flesh to wear;
Mat. 8. 17. Our Sicknesses, our Sorrows all,
 And numerous Sins to bear!

Was't not enough, thou Holy ONE,
 To lay aside thy Crown,
Phil. 2. 7. And, in a Servant's Form, on Earth
 To wander up and down?

Joh. 11. 33. Was't not enough with Sighs and Tears
 & *ver. 35.* Our Miseries to deplore,
Mat. 11. To teach us by thy blameless Life?
 29, 30. But wouldst Thou still do more?

Whence is this unexampled Love
 To wretched Humane kind?
Ezek. 16. What to attract thy Heart couldst Thou
 5, 30. In loathsome Sinners find?

Isa. 53. 4, 5. Yet loaded with our Sins and Pains,
Psal. 23. 4. Thou through Death's Vale wouldst go,
Pf. 16. 11. That we made Innocent and Free,
Mat. 7. 14. The way of Life might know.

Wor.

5.
Hymn 16. *Lord's Supper.*

19

Worthy art thou, O Lamb of God,
Among thy Saints to reign,
Who to redeem them by thy Blood,
Wast once an Offering slain.

Rev. 5. 12.

H Y M N XVI.

HOW sweet, how charming is the Place, *Pf. 84. 1, 2.*
With God's bright Presence crown'd!
Happy his Children, who his Board *Pf. 128. 3.*
As Olive-Plants surround.

Eat of this Feast, says he, my Friends, *Cant. 5. 1.*
Who to my Courts repair;
Come, dearest Children, freely drink *Prov. 9. 5.*
The Wine which I prepare.

LORD, we accept thy bounteous Treat
with Wonder, Joy, and Love:
O may we in thy House have Place, *Psal. 27. 4.*
And never thence remove!

Here may our Faith still on Thee feed,
The only Food Divine; *John 6.*
To Faith thy Flesh is Meat indeed, *50. &c.*
Thy Blood the Noblest Wine:

Thy Blood, that purifying Juice, *1 Joh. 1. 7.*
To cleanse our Souls design'd;
To heal a Sinner's bleeding Heart, *Luk. 10. 34*
And cheer his drooping Mind.

- 1 Cor. 13. Here we are glad to view thy Love
 12. Through Figures, and in part ;
 But how much greater Joy wilt be
 1 Job. 3. 2. To see thee as thou art !

H Y M N XVII.

[As the 100 Psalm.]

Mic. 6. 6. **W**Herewith shall I a sinful Worm
 Jehovah's Holy place draw nigh?
 With what Oblations shall I bow
 Before the Throne of God most high?

Ver. 7. Shall I Burnt-Offerings to him bring,
 Calves taken from their tender Dams?
 Will God be pleas'd, if I should slay
 A thousand and a thousand Rams?

Shall I upon his Altar pour
 Rivers of Oil ten thousand times,
 Or my First-born an Offering make,
 To expiate my odious Crimes?

Psal. 40. 6. No ——— God is so incens'd by Sin,
 Ps. 51. 16. Such Offerings all would be in vain,
 Too mean to save the guilty Soul,
 And purge it from so foul a Stain.

With broken Heart and fervent Cries;
 Heb. 6. 18. Dear JESUS, to thy Cross I fly ;
 Tho other Refuge fail, on Thee
 Heb. 7. 25. My Soul with safety can rely.

The Blood descending from thy Wounds,
Becomes both Oil and Wine to ours;
No Ease, till thy kind Hand this Balm
Into the wounded Conscience pours.

Luk. 10.34

Job 34.29.

As at thy Table we behold
Thy All-sufficient Sacrifice,
Let's feel the Vertue of thy Blood,
Which heals, and chears, and purifies.

Isa. 53. 5.

Joh. 6. 54.

1 Joh. 1. 7.

So while thy Sacred Courts we tread,
To Thee, O God, our Life and Joy,
We'll bring the Sacrifice of Praise,
In Praise our Hearts and Tongues employ.

Psal. 43.4.

Pf. 116.17.

Pf. 103. 1.

H Y M N XVIII.

O LORD, how shall we frame a Song
To celebrate thy Frame!
Our highest Flights are all too low
To reach thy Loftier Name.

*Job 37. 19,
20.*

Yet should the Objects of thy Love
Thy Praises cease to shout,
To censure such Ingratitude,
The Stones would soon cry out.

Luk. 19.40

What was there, LORD, in sinful Man
That could thy Pity move,
To draw him from the Gates of Hell
With charming Bands of Love!

Pf. 144. 3.

Hos. 11. 4.

A Love, by many Sorrows try'd,
Cant. 8. And many a painful Wound, (Death,
 6, 7. Whose Flame could not be quench'd by
 Could by no Floods be drown'd ;

No not by all those Streams of Blood
John 19. 2. Which on thy Cross did meet,
Ver. 34 From thy pierc'd Heart, and bleeding Head,
Pf. 22. 10. And wounded Hands and Feet.

Eph. 3. 18. A Love whose Wonders far transcend
Exod. 25. The reach of Humane View ;
 19, 20. Whose *Myst'ries* the inquiring Crowd
Eph. 3. 10. Of *Cherubs* look into.
1 Pet. 1. 12

O happy Men who taste this Grace,
1 Pet. 2. 3. Which Angels so admire ;
2 Cor. 4. 18. And feel the Shines of that bright Face,
 Which they to see desire !

But when all *Mystick* Truth shall be
 Plac'd in a clearer Light ;
1 Cor. 13. What Joy ! *Christ* Face to Face to see
 12. With full and endless Sight !

H Y M N

H Y M N XIX.

SING *Hallelujah* to our King,
 Who nobly entertains
 His Friends with Bread of Life, and Wine *John 6. 35.*
 That flow'd from all his Veins. *ver. 50, &c.*

His Body pierc'd with numerous Wounds,
 Did as a Victim bleed; *John 6. 53.*
 That we might drink his sacred Blood,
 And on his Flesh might feed.

Worm wood and Gall was once his Meat, *Pf. 69. 21.*
 His Cup with Terror fill'd, *Luk. 22. 42.*
 That we might taste the heav'nly Sweet
 His Royal Banquets yield.

When our Redeemer dy'd, he was
 Both Sacrifice and Priest; *Heb. 9. 26.*
 And now he lives, he is become *Luke 22.*
 Th' Inviter, and the Feast. *19. 20.*

We feed on Christ, and sup with him;
 At Table he presides *Rev. 3. 20.*
 As Ruler of the Feast, his share
 To every Guest divides. *Cant. 1. 12.*

While he Love's Banner here displays *Cant. 2. 4.*
 O're our Triumphant Heads,
 Sin dies, and Grace revives, and soon *Cant. 1. 12.*
 Its precious Odor spreads.

Nor are our Pleasures bounded here,
For he's gone to prepare

Job. 14. 2. Mansions, where Heavenly Manna shall
Rev. 2. 17. Be our Eternal Fare.

H Y M N XX.

[As the 25 Psalm.]

Luk. 2. 14.

Glory to God on high,
Good Will to Men below :
If thus the Friendly Angels cry,
What Joy should Mortals show !

Heb. 9. 14.

Those Angels free from Sin,
No bloody Offering need :
Ver. 22. 'Twas for the guilty Sons of Men
Our Saviour come to bleed.

Luke 2. 13.

Yet the kind Heav'nly Host
With shouting rend the Sky,

2 Pet. 2. 4.

Glad that the Thrones, their Fellows lost,
Heb. 2. 16. Redeem'd Men shall supply.

What good, what welcome News !

Luk. 2. 10.

What wondrous Love is here !

Rom. 5. 8.

That God his only Son should bruise,
Isa. 53. 10. So Lovely, and so Dear.

That poor Apostate Man

John 14.

In Heav'n might ever dwell,

2. 3.

Who with wild Fury headlong ran

Mat. 7. 13.

The way that leads to Hell.

Dear

Dear LORD, with what Surprise
Do we thy Sufferings trace ; (Cries, *Eph. 3. 18,*
And mark thy Wounds, thy Groans, thy 19.
Thy Sorrows, and Disgrace !

For all this hast Thou born *Isa. 54. 4, 5.*
To expiate our Guilt :
Thy Flesh to heal our Sores was torn,
Thy Blood to cleanse us spilt.

Thy Shame deserves Renown,
Thy Cross a Princely Throne ; *Phil. 2.*
That Head becomes a Royal Crown, *8—11.*
Which wore a thorny one, *Heb. 2. 9.*
Mat. 27.
29.

And one day Thou our King
In Glory wilt appear, *2 Tbeff. 1.*
And Troops of Saints and Angels bring *7.*
T' attend thy Triumph here. *Jude 14.*

Glory to God on high, *Luk. 2. 14.*
Good Will to Men below :
If thus the Friendly Angels cry,
What Joy should Mortals show !

H Y M N

H Y M N XXI.

[As the 100 Psalm.]

Mat. 26.

36.

FROM Supper to Gethsemane
 Away our blessed LORD does haste ;
 Thither let's follow him, and see
 How he begins of Death to taste.

Psa. 40. 12. He saw of Sins an endless Scroul,

Isa. 1. 18. Millions of Sins of Crimson Red,

Isa. 53. 6. All meeting on his spotless Soul,
 While he stood charg'd in Sinners' stead.

2 Cor. 5. 11. He knew the Terrors of the LORD,

Rom. 6. 23. The Censures of his righteous Law ;

Gen. 3. 24. Naked the bright avenging Sword,
 And brandish'd o're his Head he saw,

Mat. 26. Horror and Anguish on him seize,

38. His Soul's o'erwhelm'd with mortal Fears ;

Heb. 5. 7. He groans, and as his Pangs increase,

Luk. 22. 44. Sweat Drops of Blood, weeps Floods of
 (Tears.

But who can tell how much he felt

Gal. 3. 13. On that Curs'd Tree whereon he dy'd ?

Psal. 22. While's Heart like flowing Wax did melt,

14, 15. His Strength was like a Potsherd dry'd.

There, as his panting Body hung,

Luk. 22. 53. The Powers of Darkness all combin'd,

Eph. 6. 16. Their flaming Arrows at him flung,

Heb. 2. 18. To fill with thousand Wounds his Mind.

Mch,

Hymn 22. *Lord's Supper.*

Men, by whose cruel Hands he bled,
Ungrateful Men, for whom he dy'd,
As void of Pity as of Dread,
Blaspheme him, and his Pains deride.

Acts 2. 23.
Ver. 39.
Mat. 27.
39—43.

His very Friends, like timorous Sheep,
Are scatter'd from their Shepherd now;
His Father's Anger wounds him deep,
And to the Dust all makes him bow.

Mat. 26.
31.
Ver. 56.
Mat. 27.
46.

No pains, no Cost our God would spare,
Revolted Sinners to regain;
That they might Robes of Glory wear,
And with him in his Kingdom reign.

1 Pet. 1. 18.
Rev. 7. 9.
Ver. 14.
Rev. 5. 10.

Praise him ye Angels round his Throne,
Who us in Thought and Might excel;
Praise him, his Servants every one,
Who in these lower Regions dwell.

Pf. 103. 20.
Pf. 134. 1.

H Y M N XXII.

MY Blessed Saviour, is thy Love
So great, so full, so free?
Behold I give my Love, my Heart,
My Life, my All, to Thee.

Ephes. 3.
18, 19.
Cant. 6. 3.

I love Thee for the glorious Worth
In th^y Great Self I see:
I love Thee for that shameful Cross
Thou hast endur'd for me.

Cant. 5.
9, &c.
1 John 4.
19.

Job. 15. 13 No Man of greater Love can boast
Than for his *Friend* to die ;

Rom. 5. 10. But for thy *Enemies* thou wast slain ;
What Love with thine can vie !

Phil. 2. 6. Tho in the very Form of God,
Heb. 1. 3. With Heavenly Glory crown'd,
John 1. 14. Thou wouldst partake of Humane Flesh,
Heb. 4. 15. Beset with Troubles round.

Rom. 8. 3. Thou wouldst like wretched Man be made
Heb. 4. 15. In every thing but Sin ;
2 Pet. 1. 4. That we as *like* Thee might become,
As we *unlike* have been :

Phil. 2. 5. Like Thee in Faith, in Meekness, Love,
2 Col. 3. 18. In every beauteous Grace ;
From Glory thusto Glory chang'd,
As we behold thy Face.

Cant. 1. 3, 4. O LORD, I'll treasure in my Soul
The Mem'ry of thy Love :
And thy Dear Name shall still to me
A grateful Odor prove.

Psal. 16. 3. Thy Friends, *the Excellent on Earth*,
Shall be my chief delight :

Psal. 1. 2. And when alone, I'll make thy Law
Pf. 119. 97 My Study Day and Night.

Psal. 84. 1. Where Thou dost pitch thy Tent, and where
Psal. 26. 8. Thy Honour deigns to dwell,
Psal. 29. 9. There I'll fix mine, and there reside,
There thy Love's Wonders tell.

The

The Pledges of thy Love shall there
 Revive this Heart of mine :
 Thy Love, more fragrant and more sweet
 Than Bowls of Generous Wine

Cant. 2. 5.

Cant. 1. 2.

H Y M N XXIII.

[As the 100 Psalm.]

OUR LORD a Banquet has prepar'd,
 And every hungry Soul invites ;
 Among his Friends at Table sits,
 To bless 'em with refin'd Delights.

Isa. 55. 1, 2.

Cant. 1. 12.

The Grape's pure Blood, and Flower of
 Are proper Symbols to describe (Wheat
 The Heavenly Bread Believers eat,
 The sacred Wine which they imbibe.

Deut. 32.

14.

John 6.

53—58.

Salem's Great Prince, Melchizedeck,
 Priest of an Order most Divine,
 The conquering Patriarch met, and fed
 His weary Troops with Bread and Wine :

Gen. 14. 18.

Ps. 110. 4.

Of the same Order Christ our Priest,
 The other's Antitype, and Lord,
 For Bread his broken Body gives,
 And does for Wine his Blood afford.

Heb. 5. 10.

Cb. 6. 20.

JESUS the King of Righteousness,
 And Prince of Peace, to entertain
 Victorious Saints that bear his Arms,
 Was willing to be bruised and slain.

Heb. 7. 1, 2.

Rom. 8. 37.

Joh. 6. 51.

From

Col. 3. 4. From Thee alone, O LORD of Life,
John 6. Our Souls their Life of Grace derive ;
 32, 33. By Thee, the true and living Bread,
Gal. 2. 20. We're daily fed and kept alive.

2 *Cor.* 5. To Thee, LORD, we resolve to live,
 15. To thee who dost our Life sustain ;
 1 *Theff.* 4. And with Thee hope to live at last,
 16, 17. With Thee eternally to reign.

H Y M N XXIV.

Psal. 96. 1. **A**ngels and Men, your Songs renew,
 Sing all with pious Mirth ;
Pf. 96. 11. Rejoice and shout, ye Heavens above,
 And be thou glad, O Earth.

Rom. 8. 3. His Son the God of Grace sent down
 With sinful Men to dwell,
John 8. The wretched Captives to redeem
 34, 36. From the wide Jaws of Hell.

Heb. 9. So heinous were our Crimes, so great
 9—12. Our Guilt ; that nothing less
 1 *Pet.* 1. Than the Effusion of his Blood
 18, 19. Could purchase our Release.

Heb. 10. 19

1 *Theff.* 1. His Blood his Father's Wrath atones,
 10. Quenches Infernal Fire,

1 *Cor.* 15. Disarms Death of its poison'd Sting,
 55, 56, 57. Makes Hell's black Troops retire.

Heb. 2. 14.

He

Hymn 24. Lord's Supper.

31

He gain'd this Victory alone,
We in the Triumph share;
He wore our Thorns, that we with Him
Might Crowns of Glory wear.

Isa. 63. 3.

*Rev. 7. 2.
& 2. 10.*

Thy Love, O LORD our Righteousness,
Our highest Thoughts transcends;
Divinely Free, and knows no Bounds;
Constant, and never ends.

Jer. 23. 6.

Eph. 2. 18.

Psal. 136.

1, &c.

O may that Joy thy Favor brings,
In all our Souls abound !
So while our King at Table sits,
Our Tongues his Praise shall sound.

Phil. 4. 7.

Cant. 1. 12.

Ver. 4.

Of the sweet Fruits of Paradise
Thou giv'st us here a Taste ;
Wisely reserving for thy Friends
The best Wine to the last,

Ephes. 1.

13, 14.

John 2. 10.

To that bright endless Day, when we
Shall hidden Manna eat
Amidst the Heav'nly Eden, where
Our Bliss shall be complete.

Rev. 2. 17.

Ver. 7.

H Y M N

HYMN XXV.

Psal. 8. **L**ORD, all the Works thy Hand has form'd
 In Earth and Heaven above;
Pf. 107. 8, And all thy Tracks of Providence
 15, 21, 31. Shew Thee a God of Love.

1 *John* 4. But thy surprizing Acts of Grace
 10. To Adam's guilty Seed,
 Loudly proclaim to all the World;
 & 4. 8, 16. That God is Love indeed.

To Objects who deserve thy Wrath
Rom. 5. Thy boundless Love extends;
 8, 10. Thou'rt kinder to thy Enemies
Joh. 15. 13. Than Men are to their Friends:

Eph. 1. 4, Love drew the Model of our Bliss
 5, 6, 7. In the Decrees Divine,
 Conducts the Work, and will compleat
John 13. 1. At length the vast Design.

Love brought Heav'n's Heir down from his
Mat. 1. 23. Into a Virgin's Womb; (Throne
 Fasten'd him to a Cursed Tree,
Joh. 19. 41 And laid him in a Tomb.

In his Words, Deeds, and Sufferings all,
Prov. 31. The Law of Kindness reign'd;
 26. Love open'd all his ghastly Wounds,
 1 *John* 4. Through which his Life was drain'd.
 10.

His

Hymn 26. *Lord's Supper.*

33

His *Love* as freely renders now
That meritorious Blood,
That broken Body, to our Souls
The best and sweetest Food.

John 61.
51, &c.

Love carry'd him up to his Throne,
There to prepare us room;
And *Love* will bring him down again
At last, to lead us home.

Joh. 16. 17.

Heb. 9. 28.
1 Thess. 4:
17.

H Y M N XXVI.

[*As the 100 Psalm.*]

Hast Thou, my Soul, thy Saviour view'd *Acts* 5. 30.
As on the Cross he hung and bled?
Hast seen his Bruises, Wounds, and Tears, *Heb.* 5. 7, 8.
Seen him bow down his dying Head?

Hast heard how rudely he was jeer'd
By those that made him groan and die?
Heard him amidst their cruel Scoffs,
Ev'n rend the Heavens with his Cry.

Mat. 27.
39—43

Mat. 27.
46.
Ver. 50:

That doleful Cry, *My God, my God,*
O why hast thou thy Son forsook!
Hast mark'd the Anguish of his Words,
The mortal Horror of his Look?

All this is much, yet 'tis not All,
But thou no proper Terms canst find
To paint the Torments of his Soul,
The inward Bruises of his Mind.

IJa. 53. 10,

D

All

Isa. 53. 6. All this and more than thou, my Soul,
Canst tell or think, he did endure,
To skreen thee from his Father's Wrath,
And thy Eternal Bliss secure.

Isa. 52. 14. Look back once more, and view his Head,
His Back, his Hands, his Feet, his Side;
And tell if any Sight like this
Is found in all the World beside.

Phil. 3. 8. No, all to me is Dung and Dross,
But my dear JESUS crucify'd:

Cant. 2. 3. Under the Shadow of his Cross
I'll sit me down, and there abide.

Job. 15. 13. His Wounds, the noblest Proofs of Love,

Cant. 5. 16. His Beauty too I there shall see,

Ezek. 16. Darting through his reproachful Vail
14. Its sweet and powerful Beams on me.

H Y M N XXVII.

[As the 25 Psalm.]

Heb. 4. 16. **L**ORD, we approach thy Throne,
Heb. 13. 15. **L** To thee Thank-Offerings bring;
Psal. 29. 9. For in thy Temple every one
Should of thy Glory sing.

Pf. 68. 16. There Thou art pleas'd to dwell,

Psal. 29. 4. And there thy Beauty shines;
There to thy Fav'rites Thou dost tell

Pf. 25. 14. Thy great, thy good Designs.

Thy

Hymn 27. *Lord's Supper.*

35

Thy Table they draw near,
To which thy Calls invite ;
They find the best of Dainties there,
And There to dwell delight.

Cant. 5. 1.

- Thy Flesh is Meat indeed,
Thy Blood the richest Wine ;
How blest are they who often feed
On this Repast of thine !

Joh. 6. 55.

While by our Sins to Thee
We fill'd a bitter Cup,
Thou mad'st this Noble Treat, that we
Might at thy Table sup.

Mat. 26.

39.

& 27. 34.

& 26. 26.

May Joy, with humble Fear,
A true Devotion raise
In all who are assembled here,
To celebrate thy Praise.

Psal. 2. 11.

So while thy Courts resound
With Songs, we shall confess
That no such Pleasure's to be found
In Tents of Wickedness. .

Pf. 84. 10.

And if such Feasts as this
Yield so much Sweet below,
What Joys swim in those Floods of Bliss,
Which at thy right Hand flow?

Pfal. 36.

7, 8.

Pf. 16. 11.

HYMN XXVIII.

Pf. 51. 17. **O** LORD, Thou dost a broken Heart
And contrite Mind approve,
And wilt the Penitent receive
With Pity, Joy, and Love.

Pfal. 2. 11. Teach us o're all our Sins to weep,
And in thy Grace rejoice;
Pf. 130. 4. To mix Confessions of our Guilt
With a Thanksgiving Voice.

Joh. 16. 8, Let thy free Spirit's Convincing Power
9, 10, 11. Induce us to repent;
1 Joh. 2. 20. That Holy Oil will soften Rocks,
Acts 2. 37. Make flinty Hearts relent.

Joh. 14. 16. Let that reviving Comforter
Eph. 1. 13. Seal to us pard'ning Grace;
Isa. 59. 2. Nor let the Sins we loath, eclipse
The Lustre of thy Face.

1 Joh. 2. 1. Behold our Glorious Advocate
At thy right Hand inthron'd,
Heb. 9. 26. Who by the Offering of his Blood
Has for them all aton'd.

He for our great and numerous Sins
Isa. 53. 3, 4. Once numerous Torments bore;
For them the Soourges, Thorns, and Nails,
His Flesh so rudely tore.

Isa. 53. 5, 6.

18, 19.

I Cor. 6. 20.

How

How full of Wonder is that Love
John 17. 5. That could determine thee to move
 From thy Illustrious Palace, where
 The Heav'nly Host did Thee revere !

Where Flaming *Seraphs* bow'd before
Isa. 6. com- Thy Awful Scepter, to adore
par'd with Thy *Holy Holy Holy* Name,
John 12. And thy Perfections to proclaim !
37—42.

That made thee all this Glory leave,
Heb. 10. 20 A Vail of Humane Flesh receive,
Isa. 53. To live in Grief and Misery,
 And after all to bleed and die !

To die a Death the most accurst,
Gal. 3. 13. And of all Deaths the very worst ;
Phil. 2. 8. To be with lingring Torments slain,
Mat. 27. Abus'd with Scoffs and vile Disdain !
28—31.

All this Thou bor'st for us, that we
1 Cor. 1. Holy and happy too might be ;
30. And with Thee in thy Kingdom reign,
Rev. 20. 6. When Thou, dear LORD, shalt come again.

H Y M N XXX.

YOU that the Holy JESUS love,
 Give Honour to his Name ; *Cant. 1. 4.*
 The great Archivements of his Grace,
 In thankful Verse proclaim.

Tho what your highest Thoughts surmounts
 Can never be exprest ; *Eph. 3. 18,*
 Yet something of it you may tell, *19.*
 And wonder out the rest.

Remember all his mighty Deeds,
 His Sorrows all review ; *Phil. 2. 6,*
 How he abas'd his Glorious Self, *7, 8.*
 To bleed and die for you.

Remember all the Shame and Scorn
 The Vinegar and Gall, *Pf. 69. 21.*
 The gaping Wounds thro which he pour'd *Mat. 27.*
 His Vital Juices all,

His Sorrows, as his Verrues, were *Cant. 5.*
 Innumerable found ; *9, &c.*
 Troubles from Earth, from Heaven and Hell, *Isa. 53. 3.*
 His spotless Soul surround.

Crucify'd by the worst of Men, *Acts 3. 13,*
 Forsaken by the best ; *14, 15.*
 With th' endless Number of our Sins, *Mat. 26.*
 Sin's mighty Weight oppress'd. *56.*
Pf. 40. 12.

- Gal.* 3. 13. He felt the Curses of the Law,
Mat. 27. His Father's Wrath sustain'd,
 46. Endur'd the cruel shock of all
Luke 22. The Powers of Hell unchain'd.
 53.
Acts 1. 9. But after all victorious prov'd,
 10. In Triumph did ascend,
2 Tim. 4. 8. And now prepares us Crowns and Thrones,
Rev. 3. 21. And Joys that ne're shall end.

H Y M N XXXI.

[As the 25 Psalm.]

- L**ORD, Thou hast treated us
John 6. With true and living Bread,
 32, 33, 34. Thy Body, as upon the Cross,
 The painful Cross, it bled.

Mat. 26. Thy Blood's a precious Wine,
 27, 28. The Heart of God it cheers;
Judg. 9. 13. With Heav'nly Sweets, and Joys Divine,
Rom. 8. It calms our guilty Fears,
 33, 34.
 A Living Spring thy Side,
Joh. 19. 34. Thy pierc'd Side did impart,
Pf. 22. 14. Through which a vital Juice did glide
 Down from thy melting Heart.

Pf. 22. 16. This Crimson Stream, with those
 Thy Hands and Feet did yield,
Zech. 13. 1. A Bath for Sinners does compose,
 in which they're cleans'd and heal'd.

Such

Such Blessings, LORD, in Thee,
If at thy Cross we meet,
What Joys will in thy Kingdom be,
Joys how Divinely Sweet!

*Mat. 26.
29.*

When thou with Glory crown'd,
Thy Saints on Thrones wilt place,
And satiate all thy Guests around
With th' Vision of thy Face.

Rev. 3. 21.

From that blest Paradise
None e're shall be exil'd;
None by a Serpent's tempting Voice,
Of Joy and Life beguil'd.

*Rev. 22. 3.
& 20. 10,
14.*

The Tree of Life shall chase
Death thence, and all its Fears:
Rivers of Pleasure there have place,
And there are none of Tears.

*Rev. 22. 2.
& 22. 1.
& 21. 1.*

H Y M N XXXII.

[*As the 100 Psalm.*]

LET all who love our Saviour's Name, *Cant. 1.*
That Name so full of Heav'nly Grace, 3, 4.
In Songs of Triumph spread his Fame
Through every Age, and every Place.

He kindly laid aside his Crown,
And Robes of awful Majesty,
And in a Servant's Form came down
To bear a Cross, and on it die.

*Phil. 2. 6;
7, 8.*

With

Heb. 5. 7. With Tears, and Sweat, and Blood imbru'd,
Luk. 22. 24 This Holy Lamb was sacrific'd ;
Isa. 53. 7. Jeer'd by the barbarous Multitude,
Mat. 27. And by profaner Priests despis'd.
 40—44.

2 Cor. 15. But dying thus, he pluck'd the Sting
 34—57. From Death ; and rising from the Grave,
Joh 18. 14. He triumph'd o're the mighty King
Heb. 2. 14. Of Terrors, as his Captive Slave.

Acts 1. 9, Then to his Heav'nly Throne was rais'd,
 10. Whence he'll descend again to be
Phil. 2. 9, Throughout this World ador'd and prais'd
 10, 11. By every Tongue, and every Knee.

Tho Tears, and Blood, and Spittle, here
 Clouded, profan'd, and marr'd his Face,
Rev. 1. 16. The Mid-day Sun is not so clear,
 Now 'tis adorn'd with Heavenly Grace.

Rev. 5. Angelick Songs his Beauties praise,
 9, &c. While, clad in glorious Robes of Light,
Mat. 17. 2. He darts innumerable Rays
1 Tim. 6. Around, for mortal Eyes too bright.
 16.

Ezek. 16. This Glory *Adam's* Sons partake,
 5—15. Who once deform'd and odious were ;
1 Joh. 1. 7. For that pure Blood he shed, can make
 A Leprous Sinner clean and fair.

2 Cor. 5. 4. Our Bodies too he will refine ;
Phil. 3. 21. Vile Bodies, under which we groan,
 Shall with Immortal Beauty shine,
 Render'd all lovely like his Own.

H Y M N

H Y M N XXXIII.

What wondrous things we now behold *1 Tim. 3.*
 At this Myst'rious Board! *16.*
 What copious Matter for a Song *Gal. 3. 1.*
 Of Praises they afford! *Mat. 26.*

30.

Extended on a Cross we see
 The Lord whom we adore,
 Both giving and receiving Wounds, *Col. 2. 15.*
 Bath'd in triumphant Gore.

No Victor's Robe so rich a Dye *Isa. 63. 1.*
 Before did ever stain,
 No Champion such a Victory *Heb. 2. 14,*
 Before did ever gain. *15.*

Glory and Strength his Torments add
 To all his mighty Deeds;
 His Enemies fly, and fall the more, *Heb. 2. 10.*
 The more he groans and bleeds.

Tho the Law's Curse lights on his Head, *Gal. 3. 13.*
 While Satan wounds his Heel, *Gen. 3. 15.*
 His Body's bruised by Men, his Heart *1 Cor. 15.*
 Death's cruel Sting does feel; *56.*

Yet with firm Courage he o're all
 Bears up his Conquering Head,
 Till on their Captive Necks his Feet *Col. 2. 14,*
 in solemn Triumph tread. *15.*

This

- Isa.* 63. 3. This Shock our Lord sustain'd Alone,
Heb. 10. But makes us share the Spoils ;
 12, 13, 14. He felt his Father's dreadful Frowns,
Mat. 27. That we might have his Smiles.
 46.
Rom. 8. 15. To cure our Wounds and putrid Sores
Isa. 1. 6. Was pierc'd in every Limb ;
 & 53. 5. His Cross, our Tree of Life, became
Gal. 3. 13. A Tree of Death to him.
 & 4. 4, 5.
Rev. 1. 18. But tho once Dead, He's now Alive,
 And lives for ever-more ;
 2 *Tim.* 3. Then let his Saints, whose Life is hid
 12. In Christ, his Name adore.

H Y M N XXXIV.

[As the 100 Psalm.]

- 1 *Pet.* 2. 3. COME let us all, who here have seen,
 And tasted of our Saviour's Grace,
 From his blest Table to his Cross,
 In Thought, his weary Footsteps trace.

- Luk.* 23. 33 Let's trace Him up to *Calvary*,
 Not leave him as his Followers did,
Mat. 26. Who having at his Table sup'd,
 56. Forsook their suffering Lord, and fled.

- John* 18. 1. Into the Garden first he goes,
Mat. 26. Where Mortal Fears beset him round ;
 38. Sins pressing Weight o'whelms his Soul,
Mark 14. And sinks his Body to the Ground.
 35. Here

Here, prostrate as he lies, he groans,
And pours out Prayers with fervent Cries,
Till he swears Drops of Blood, to mix
With Floods that issue from his Eyes. *Luk. 22.44*
Heb. 5. 7.

Yet are his Sorrows but begun;
By one Disciple he's betray'd,
Another Him with Oaths denies,
The rest all run like Shēep afraid. *Mat. 26.*
48.
Ver. 69, &c
Ver. 31, 56.

Falsly accus'd, he's, doom'd to die ;
Loaded with Blasphemy and Scorn,
He's rudely buffeted and bound,
His Sacred Flesh with Scourges torn. *Ver. 59. 60.*
Ver. 66,
67, 68.
Mat. 27. 2.
Ver. 26.

His Temples wear a Wreath of Thorns,
Spittle his reverend Face profanes;
His weary Shoulders bear a Cross,
On which he suffers Mortal Pains. *Ver. 29.*
John 19.
17, 18.

Between two Thieves he lingring dies,
While thousand Tortures on him meet ;
His Heart's dissolv'd within, his Blood,
Flows out in Streams from Hands and Feet. *Mat. 27.*
38.
Psal. 22:
14, 15, 16.

These Streams, join'd with that other Flood
That gush'd out from his wounded Side,
Compose a Sovereign Bath, wherein
The Leprous Soul is purify'd. *John 19.*
34.
Zech. 13. 1.

H Y M N XXXV.

Psal. 65.4. **H**appy are they our LORD has chose
 In his blest Courts to dwell ;
 His Praises still their Thoughts employ,
Psal. 29.9. Their Tongues his Glory tell.

Psal. 27.4. There He his Loveliness makes known
 To all who love his Name ;
Isa. 28. 5. To them he is a glorious Crown,
 And beauteous Diadem.

Psal. 23. 5. With a Celestial Banquet there
 His Table's richly spread :
Luke 22. The Wine's the Tincture of his Veins,
 19, 20. His Body is the Bread.

Cant. 5. 1. To entertain his happy Friends,
Psal. 23.5. He oft repeats his Call ;
Mat. 22. Pours fragrant Oil upon their Heads,
 11, 12. Gives Robes to clothe 'em all.

Isa. 57.15. Nay, every contrite Mind to him
Psa. 51.17. A Holy Temple proves :
 For humble Souls are his Delight,
 And He dwells where he loves.

He at the Door of every Heart
Rev. 3. 20. Does friendly Calls renew ;
 " Open to Me, and you shall sup
 " With Me, and I with you.

And

And will the High and Loftry One
Vouchsafe to dwell with Men?
Open Eternals Doors, and let
The King of Glory in.

Isa. 57. 15.

*Pfal. 24.
7, &c.*

This Entertainment, LORD, of Thine,
So gen'rous and so free,
Cost many a Pang, and many a Groan,
And many a Wound to Thee.

*1 Pet. 1.
18, 19.*

Eternal Praise to thy Great Name,
By all the Host of Heaven,
By every Nation, every Tongue,
And every Heart be given.

*Revel. 5.
9, &c.*

H Y M N XXXVI.

[*As the 100 Psalm.*]

WHAT Mighty Conqueror do we see,
Whose Garments are distain'd
(with Blood,
Whose rich Apparel seems to be
All tinctur'd in a Crimson Flood?

Isa. 63. 1.

Like one who has the Winepress trod,
Whose Clothes the Grape has purpl'd o're?
Ah! 'tis the Blessed Son of God,
All full of Wounds, all stain'd with Gore.

Ver. 2.

Isa. 53. 9.

A *Mighty Conqueror* indeed,
Who conquers by receiving Blows;
To give Wounds, is content to bleed;
And by his Death subdues his Foes.

*Heb. 2. 14,
15.*

He

He treads 'em down, tho all Alone,
Isa. 63. 3. And with their Blood his Vesture's stain'd,
 But first is all bath'd in his own,
 His own by many a Wound is drain'd:

Col. 2. 15. His Blood Hell's subtle Powers confounds,
 To them a Mortal Liquor proves,
Luke 10. But is a Balm to heal our Wounds,
 34. A Wine to cheer the Souls he loves.

Joh. 19. 34. The Vessels that contain'd this Juice,
 & 20. 25. A Spear and ruder Nails did broach;
 And while his Flesh they pierce and bruise,
Pf. 69. 20. His Heart was broken with Reproach.

Isa. 53. 5. But bruis'd, and broke, and mangled thus,
 This Sacrifice our Pardon gain'd;
Mat. 26. And thus prepar'd, is Food to us,
 26, 27. By which we live, and are sustain'd.

Pf. 78. 24. Thrice happy they, whose Tents around
Pf. 116. 13. Such Heavenly Blessings still are spreads!
John 6. Whose Cup is with Salvation crown'd,
 31, 32, 33. Their Board with True and Living Bread!

Rom. 5. 20. Praise Him whose Mercies know no end,
 2 *Chron.* But to a vaster Sam arise
 28. 9. Than Sins themselves; for *these* extend
Pf. 108. 4. To Heaven, but *those* above the Skies.

H Y M N XXXVII.

[As the 100 Psalm.]

Others may tell of famous things
Done by their Heroes and their Kings;
The LORD we serve, them all exceeds
For mighty Sufferings, mighty Deeds.

Rom. 5.
7, 8.

The Torments he has undergone,
The glorious Trophies he has won,
Armies of wondring Angels cause
To fill the Heavens with loud Applause.

1 Pet. 1.
12.
Rev. 5.
11, 12.

Deep in our Breasts let us record
The Story of our Dying LORD :
As we his kind Memorials view,
Our Wonder, and our Songs renew:

1 Cor. 11.
24, 25, 26.
Mat. 26.
30.

From Heaven the *Lord of Glory* came,
On Earth to bear Reproach and Shame ;
The Son of God his Face to veil,
Assumes a Body weak and frail.

Jam. 2. 1.
Isa. 50. 6.
John 1. 14.

The *King of Kings* a Crown adorns,
Instead of Gems, all set with Thorns :
He whom the Angels prais'd and blest,
Is made the Rabble's Scorn and Jest.

Rev. 19. 16
Isa. 6. 3.
compar'd
with John
12. 41.

The *Meek*, the *Just*, the *Holy One*
Under the Weight of Sin does groan.
The Prince of Life would learn to die,
And be as Low as he was High.

Mat. 21. 5.
A&S 3. 14,
15.
Phil. 2. 6.

E

He 7, 8.

1 Tim. 4. 8. He that distributes Crowns and Thorns,
 Rev. 3. 21. Hangs on a Tree, and bleeds, and groans:
 Aft. 10. 39. He on a Cross resigns his Breath,
 Rev. 1. 18. Who keeps the Keys of Hell and Death.

'Twas thus, because he'd have it so,
 Joh. 10. 11. That we his Wondrous Love might know:
 Mat. 26. To rescue us, he was betray'd;
 48, 49, 50. To make us free, a Pris'ner made;

Pf. 22. 15. To raise us, in the Dust did roll:
 Isa. 53. 4, 5. Bore many Wounds to make us whole:
 To give us Pleasure, felt our Pain;
 Rom. 6. 23. And dy'd that we might Life obtain.

1 Cor. 15. Thus Sin, Death, and the Powers of Hell,
 54—57. Conquer'd, disarm'd, and wounded fell.
 Col. 2. 15. He mounted then his Throne above,
 Eph. 4. 8. And conquers Sinners by his Love.
 2 Cor. 5. 20.

LORD, since our Pardon, and our Bliss,
 1 Cor. 6. 20. Were bought at such a Price as this;
 22, 23. As Thou art ours, we're Thine alone;
 1 Cor. 7. Thine will we be, and not our own.

H Y M N XXXVIII.

When Christ, at *Simon's Table* plac'd, *Luke 7. 36,*
 His sacred Doctrine taught; *37, 38.*
 A Penitent behind him stood,
 Whom Love had rather brought.

She with Devotion kiss'd his Feet,
 Bath'd 'em with flowing Eyes,
 Then dries 'em with her spreading Locks,
 And fragrant Oil applies.

'Twas Love these Funeral Tears prepar'd *Ver. 47.*
 Before her LORD was dead, *Mat. 26.*
 Officious Love supply'd the Balm *12.*
 Before his Wounds had bled.

Her Faith the Virtue of his Blood
 Apply'd, before 'twas spilt;
 To wash her Soul from every Stain,
 And expiate her Guilt. *1 Joh. 1. 7.*

The Saviour's sympathizing Heart
 Her pious Sorrow feels;
 Commends her Faith, her Love applauds, *Ver. 47, 50.*
 His pard'ning Grace reveals.

Thus every Soul succeeds, that bows
 At the Redeemer's Feet;
 Those who repent, believe and love,
 Christ at his Table meet.

Rom. 5. 20, The Motions of thy Sovereign Grace,
 21. LORD, let no Sin controul;
 Forgiving Glances from thy Eyes
 Will ravish every Soul.

These Faithful Pledges of thy Love
 Declare Thee still the same:
Luk. 22. 19 For these Memorials of thy Cross
 We praise thy sacred Name.

H Y M N XXXIX.

[As the 100 Psalm.]

Gal. 2. 20. COME let us go and die with Him,
 Who was content to die for us;
Isa. 53. 5, 6. Let's wound and crucify those Sins
 That nail'd our Saviour to his Cross.

2Cor. 7. 11. May Holy Indignation raise
 A Just revenge in every Breast!
Pf. 97. 10. May every Soul, that JESUS loves,
 The very Thoughts of Sin detest!

Rom. 2. 8, 9 Hence all ye viprous Brood of Vice
 That bring a Train of endless Woes;
 O how I loath and hate you now,
 Both as my own and Saviour's Foes!

Act. 2. 23. Yours are the bloody Hands that seiz'd,
 That bound, that buffeted, and slew
Ch. 3. 14, The Lord of Life, that on the Cross
 15. Your poison'd Arrows at him threw.

You

Hymn 39. Lord's Supper.

53

You are the barbarous Enemies,
Who still refuse that Christ should reign;
Justice demands you all should be
Drag'd forth without the Camp and slain.

Luk. 19. 14.

Ver. 27.

Hence all your vain deluding Arts,
Which the unwary Soul beguile;
These have no charms for one that sees
Redeeming Mercy on him smile.

Heb. 3. 13.

Gal. 6. 4.

My Robes, when wash'd in a sacred Blood,
Shall I again with Blots deface?

Rev. 7. 13,

14.

My Soul, by Grace advanc'd to Heav'n,
Shall I again to Hell debase?

Ch. 3. 4.

Luke 10.

15.

Prevent me, O Almighty Grace!
Nor let me e'er so treacherous prove,
To crucify my LORD afresh,
And render Hate for all his Love!

Heb. 6. 6.

Ps. 109. 4,

5.

His Life the Model be of mine;
His Word the Rule to guide my Ways;
His Cross the Death of all my Crimes;
His Love the Subject of my Praise.

1 Pet. 2. 21,

22.

Col. 3. 16.

Rom. 6. 6.

Rev. 5. 8. --

H Y M N XL.

- Heb.* 12. 22. **L**ET all, who enter *Sion's* Gate,
Pf. 100. 4. And in God's sacred Courts attend,
Heb. 4. 16. Praise him before his Holy Seat,
Eph. 3. 18, Whose Mercy knows no Bounds or End.
 19.
Pf. 103. 1. To the Soul's inward Harmony
Pf. 100. 1. Join the sweet Musick of the Tongue ;
1 Cor. 14. No jarring Thought admitted be,
 15. No Mind untun'd, no Heart unstrung.
Col. 3. 16.
Rom. 8. 32. Praise Him, who did not spare to send
 From Heaven his own Eternal Son,
Heb. 10. 20. To veil himself in Flesh, and end
Isa. 53. 2, 3. That Life in Blood which Tears begun,

John. 1. 18. Praise that Redeemer, who forsook
Phil. 2. 6, The Bosom of his Father's Love ;
 7, 8. The Guilt of Sinners on him took,
2 Cor. 5. 21. The Pain without the Crime to prove.
Isa. 53. 5, 6.
Mat. 3. 16. And praise that bright Immortal Dove,
Pf. 14. 3. Who contrite Hearts with Joy inspires,
Rom. 5. 5. And sheds abroad Redeeming Love
 To warm our Breasts with holy Fires;

 1 *Joh.* 5. 7. O Praise the Sacred Three in One,
 To whose Love, Wisdom, Power, we owe
 2 *Tim.* 1. 10. That Bliss which is in Time begun,
 But shall with Time no period know.

H Y M N X L I.

THE Sun of Righteousness has shin'd,
And God's new Covenant has reveal'd;
Christ's Hand the sacred Bond has sign'd,
His Blood the sacred Bond has seal'd,

Mal. 4. 2.
Luke 1. 78.
Heb. 8. 6.
Psa. 40. 6, 7.
Luk. 22. 20

His numerous Promises assure
Salvation on his Father's part;
Salvation can't but be secure,
When purchas'd with his bleeding Heart.

2 Cor. 1. 20.
Heb. 9. 13,
14, 15.

The kind Testator freely dies
To ratify this Testament:
The Sacred Dove from Glory flies
To gain the Sinner's free Consent.

Ver. 16, 17.
Mat. 3. 16.
John 16.
7—16.

The Table of the LORD displays
The Dear Memorials of his Love
The Church below applauds his Grace,
In Consort with the Church above.

Luk. 22. 19.
Rev. 7.
9—15.

LORD, when we gave our selves to Thee,
Drawn by the charming Bands of Love,
We vow'd for ever Thine to be,
And by thy Grace will Constant prove.

2 Cor. 8. 5.
Hos. 11. 4.
1 Pet. 3. 21.

Thee we have always Gracious found,
Thy Promises are firm and true:
The Tyes wherewith our Souls are bound,
We now most solemnly renew.

Psa. 36.
5—8.
Psa. 119.
106.

- Act.* 9. 6. Command, and we'll obey thy Call;
Merk 8. We'll take our Cross, and follow Thee
 34, 35. To Prison, to the Judgment-hall,
Joh. 18. 15. Without the Gate to Calvary.
Ch. 19. 26,
 27. Since Thou art ours, may we retain
Cant. 2. 16. Thy Sacred Image which we bear;
Col. 3. 10. Since we are thine, may we remain
Pf. 119. 38. Ever devoted to thy Fear.

1 Chron. 29. Our selves to Thee, LORD, we resign,
 10—18. All we possess to Thee belongs,
 Thou hast our Vows, our Hearts are thine,
 And thou shalt ever have our Songs.

H Y M N XLII.

[As the 100 Psalm.]

- C**OME let us bless the Glorious Name
Mat. 1. 22, Of our Great Prince Immanuel,
 23. Who from Heaven's highest Regions came,
Pf. 86. 13. To save us from the lowest Hell.

Act. 3. 15. Nor did this Prince of Life disdain
1 Tim. 3. 16. A mortal Body to assume;
Isa. 53. 3, 4. To live in sorrow, dye in pain,
Mat. 27. And be inter'd within a Tomb.
 60,
Rom. 5. 21. That Men, by Guilt, of Life bereav'd,
 Might have their numerous Crimes forgiven;
Rom. 5. 10. Rebels might be to Grace receiv'd,
Heb. 12. 22, T' enlarge the Family of Heaven.
 23. Th'An-

Th' Angelick Host this Grace admire,
Which reconciles Apostate Man;
To sound that Mystick Deep desire,
Contriv'd before the World began.

1 Pet. 1. 12.

Heb. 9: 5.

Eph. 1. 4, 5.

They with soft Musick fill'd the Air,
When first our Saviour drew his Breath:
They chear'd his mind oppress'd with Care,
When tempted, and approaching Death.

Luk. 2. 13,

14.

Mat. 4. 11.

Luke 22. 43

They now around his Throne above
To Heav'nly Ayres their Voices raise;
With humble Joy that Grace approve
Which yields 'em endless Songs of Praise.

Rev. 5. 11,

12.

Rev. 7. 11,

12.

While they loud *Hallelujah's* sing
Above our Notes, our Thoughts above;
In glad *Hosanna's* to our King
We'll sing of Reconciling Love.

Rev. 19. 1.

Mat. 21. 9.

H Y M N XLIII.

BEhold the Saviour of the World
Embru'd with Sweat and Gore,
Expiring on that shameful Cross,
Where he our Sorrows bore!

Mat. 27.

Compassion on lost humane Race
Brought down Heav'n's only Son,
To veil in flesh his radiant Face,
And for their Sins atone.

Heb. 2. 14,

15, 16, &c.

Heb. 1. 3.

Who

Who can to love his Name forbear,
 1 Pet. 1. 18, That of his Sufferings hears,
 19. And finds the Ransom of his Soul
 Was Blood as well as Tears?

Thy Sacred Blood, O Son of God!
 Which ran from many a Wound;
 Ps. 22. 12, When Earth's and Hell's malicious Powers
 13. All compass'd thee around:

Till Death's pale Ensigns o're thy Cheeks
 Joh. 19. 30. And trembling Lips were spread;
 Till Light forsook thy dying Eyes,
 And Life thy drooping Head,

Joy for thy Torments we receive,
 Isa. 53. 4, Life in thy Death have found;
 5. For the Reproaches of thy Cross,
 Rev. 7. 14, Shall be with Glory crown'd,
 15, &c.

May we a grateful Sense retain
 1 Joh. 4. 19. Of thy Redeeming Love!
 And live *below* like those that hope
 3 Joh. 3. 3. To live with Thee *above*!

H Y M N

HYMN XLIV.

While thy Love's Pledges we receive *1 Cor. 11.*
 In this blest Supper, LORD, we see *26.*
 What grateful Tribute, what Returns *Pf. 116.*
 Of Love and Praise we owe to Thee. *12.*

O may thy Altar's holy Fire *Isa. 6. 5, 6,*
 In flame our Hearts, refine our Tongues ! *7.*
 May Love Divine our Breasts inspire *Cant. 1. 3,*
 With Heav'nly Thoughts, and Heav'nly *4.*
 (Songs !)

Tho to extol thy Wondrous Grace *Eph. 3. 18,*
 Our Thoughts and Words too low will prove ; *19.*
 Thou, LORD, wilt ne're refuse a Song *Joh 37. 19,*
 From any Heart that's tun'd with Love. *20.*

While to thy Cross we turn our Eyes,
 And there thy Agonies review ; *Isa. 53. 4,*
 What we deserv'd, but Thou hast born, *5, 6.*
 Thy Wounds, thy Groans, thy Torments
 (shew.)

While Terror o're thy Soul was spread,
 Thy cruel Foes reviling stood ; *Mat. 27.*
 While Clouds of Wrath burst on thy Head, *39.*
 They Bath'd their Hands in sacred Blood. *Isa. 53. 10.*

The Sun astonish'd hid his Face, *Mat. 27.*
 The Heavens a sable Garment wore ; *45.*
 The frighted Earth's Foundations shook, *Ver. 31.*
 And solid Rocks asunder tore !

Heb. 9. 7, 8. The Temple's Vail was rent, to shew
Heav'n's Throne unvail'd to our High Priest;

Mar. 27. The opening Graves, and rising Saints
52. The Virtue of his Death confest.

Act. 3. 15. Thou, LORD of Life, didst soon revive,

Ch. 2. 24. Nor could thy Tomb Thee long retain,

John 10. Who to lay down thy Life hadst pow'r,
18. And pow'r to take it up again.

Isa. 52. 14. Thy Body, once with Wounds deform'd,

Rev. 1. 13. Does now with Heav'nly Glory shine,

13—18. Adorn'd, and made a Temple fit
For such a beauteous Soul as thine.

Gal. 2. 20. As once upon the cursed Tree

Phil. 3. 21. Our Sins, with Thee our Saviour, dy'd;

Rev. 7. 9. So, LORD, we hope to rise like Thee,

10, &c. And sing thy Triumphs at thy Side.

H Y M N XLV.

Pf. 84. 1. **H**OW glorious is this Holy Place,

Job. 6. 48. Where Bread of Life is giv'n!

Gen. 28. This surely is the House of God!

16, 17. This is the Gate of Heav'n!

JESUS, the Master of the Feast,

Vouchsafes his Presence here;

I Cor. 10. The Cup of Blessing passes round,

16. The pious Guests to cheer.

Hymn 45. Lord's Supper.

61

Dainties that Royal Table bear,
And Bowls of ruddy Wine,
Can't with this Nobler Board compare,
Crown'd with a Feast Divine.

Cant. 1. 2.*Pf.* 5. 6, 7.

Hence faithless Doubts, desponding Fears
No more our Joys molest:
Hence all vain Thoughts, and vile Desires
No more our Souls infest.

Mat. 9. 2.*Luke* 7. 47,*&c.**Rom.* 6. 2.

Can Sinners doubt their Pardon, when
Their Judg upon 'em smiles?
Can they ungratefully rebel
Whom JESUS reconciles?

Eph. 5. 2.*Rom.* 12. 1.

The Merit of his Blood can calm
The Soul with Guilt oppress;
The Torments of his Cross can make
The Soul all Sin detest.

Heb. 10. 22.*Ch.* 9. 14.

JESUS, we lift our Hearts to Thee,
To Thee our longing Eyes;
To Thee our solemn Vows address,
To Thee our ardent Cries.

Joh. 3. 14.

15,

Zech. 12.

10.

O may our Sins, that made Thee bleed,
All on thy Cross expire!
O may the Joys, thy Banquet gives,
Equal our warm Desire!

Gal. 2. 20.*Pf.* 84. 2.*Cant.* 2. 3,

4.

So shall we mount upon the Wings
Of chearful Hope and Love;
And here begin the Songs that we
Shall better sing above.

Rev. 7.

H Y M N

HYMN XLVI.

YE happy Guests, who meet around
This Table, your Oblations bring:

Pf. 50. 23. Here every one's a Priest who has
1 Pet. 2. 5. A Heart to love, and Tongue to sing.

Eph. 5. 2. Our Saviour's bleeding Sacrifice
Heb. 13. His boundless Love and Grace displays,
15, 16. As a just Homage, he demands
Our Sacrifice of Love and Praise.

Rev. 1. 5. 'Twas Love expos'd him to Reproach,
To unexampled Grief and Pain:
1 Joh. 3. 16. Less Power than that of Love Divine
Joh. 15. 13. Nor would nor could his Cross sustain.

Mat. 26. See him abandon'd by his Friends;
56. By a perfidious Kiss betray'd;
v. 48, 49. Sold as a despicable Slave;
Luk. 22. 4. With Swords and Staves a Pris'ner made:
5, 47.

See him to the Tribunal led,
V. 57. There charg'd with Crimes by Men suborn'd;
V. 59, 60. By Princes and by Priests condemn'd;
Luke 23. And by the vilest Wretches scorn'd.
Mar. 14.

65.
Heb. 1. 6. That awful Face, which low Respect
From prostrate Angels did command,
Mat. 27. Spat on by Men of servile state,
27—30. And struck by each rude Soldier's hand,

Bearing

Hymn 46. *Lord's Supper.*

63

Bearing his Cross to Golgotha,
With labouring steps behold him go;
And from his Wounds, when open'd there,
O see what crimson Rivers flow!

John 19.
16, 17.
Pf. 22. 16.
Joh. 19. 34.

Plung'd in these Streams, our guilty Souls
Purg'd from their numerous Sins shall be;
Justice and Mercy, tho' provok'd
By us, O L O R D, are pleas'd with Thee.

1 Joh. 1. 7.
Rom. 3. 26.
Mat. 3. 17.

O Lamb of God! who bor'st our Guilt,
To thee immortal Praise belongs:
While we thy Love and Sufferings sing,
Angels shall hear, and join their Songs.

Joh. 1. 29.
Rev. 7. 11,
12.
Luk. 2. 13;
14.

The

The more difficult Words explain'd.

Antitype, —	{ that which is represented by a Type or Figure.
assume, —	receive.
attract, —	draw.
commemorate, —	bring to remembrance.
deplore, —	bewail.
Effusion, —	pouring forth.
exil'd, —	banish'd.
expiate, —	make Satisfaction for.
extinguish, —	quench.
Hero, —	a Man of a Noble Spirit.
imbibe, —	drink up.
infernal, —	hellish.
mystick, —	secret, or obscure.
Odor, —	sweet Smell.
prostrate, —	with the Face to the Ground.
revere, —	respect or reverence.
sariate, —	satisfy.
vital, —	living.
Victim, —	sacrifice.
Symbol, —	a Sign.



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